

Higher

by

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REGISTERED

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BLACK

A voice in the darkness. Friendly, mischievous.

RYAN (V.O.)
(whispered)
Hey, you wanna see something cool?

FADE IN:

EXT. A VILLA ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA BRIGHT DAY

The sun blazes on the white stucco of this beautiful villa overlooking the ocean. Birds drift on the wind coming off the sea. Standing at the edge of the huge drop down to the sea is RYAN EVEREST. He's a gorgeous young man wearing an open white shirt and enjoying everything life has to give him. He gazes down towards the beach.

Behind him, SAMANTHA RAY emerges from the villa. A silk robe casually tossed on and bare feet. Age is arriving, but she's not giving in easily.

SAMANTHA
Hey gorgeous, didn't know where you'd gone to.

RYAN
It's a beautiful v~ew.

SAMANTHA
It's an expensive view.

RYAN
For a beautiful woman.

She looks at him like he just said something in a foreign language.

SAMANTHA
You know, sugar, when you lie there's no tell. Most people -- trust me -- most people you know. Even if you don't know you know, you still know. But you're just ... perfect.

RYAN
Then for a slightly aging and very rich woman.

Samantha pulls him into her arms and kisses him, amazed that this gorgeous boy is hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

It was better before. Run down to town
and get something bad for us, will ya?

He starts to pull away but she tugs him back against her.

RYAN

What do you want?

SAMANTHA

Surprise me.

RYAN

Alright.

He pulls away again but she reels him back in. She nods
towards an Art Deco clock. It reads 3:45.

SAMANTHA

(whispering in his ear)

If you're back by four, you can keep the
car.

She lets him go. As he turns away, we follow his last glance,
down towards ...

EXT. THE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

AMY TRUE has been looking up towards him from the beach.
She'S absolutely breathtaking. Not just her beauty, but the
total lack of fear in her eyes. There'S nothing that scares
her in this world. Nothing she won't try and nothing she
won't have if she wants it.

Behind her, OLIVIER LAROCHE comes trotting up through the
surf. He's a young French exec on vacation. Amy is a dream
come true, the hot American girl who needs to be shown the
mysterious ways of his country. He puts strong arms around
her and nuzzles into her neck.

AMY

Who lives up there?

OLIVIER

You Americans, you have some kind of --
je sais pas quai -- radar. The man who
lives there is from your country. He
makes oil.

AMY

He's pretty rich, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVIER
Yes. He is very rich.

AMY
I hate money.

And with that she turns into Olivier and kisses him deeply.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

A winding road through the hills of the Riviera. Quaint.
Except for the beautiful new Ferrari tearing down it.

INSIDE THE FERRARI

Ryan drives. Cool, his eyes taking in every detail but his
head hardly moving. The car is a blaze of speed, barely
staying on the road. Ryan is a portrait of control.

RYAN (V.O.)
What would you do, for the power? What
would you do?

As he takes the last curve down the mountain and hits the
straight-away, he SMILES.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd) (cont'd)
...for the sex.

INT. A YACHT -- MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

Two bodies hit the cool silk sheets in the bedroom of this
luxurious boat. It's Amy and Olivier. He's devouring her and
she's ... letting him.

RYAN (V.O.)
What would you do for love?

As Olivier continues his monumental act of passion, Amy
glances at the clock on the wall. It's 3:50.

INT. THE FERRARI -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan checks his watch -- also 3:50. He's behind. He JAMS the
car down a gear, swerving through cars and tractors.

RYAN (V.O.)
For me, there's always been one answer.

Up ahead, the road heads into town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (cont'd)

Because there's one thing that keeps me going, makes it fun, makes it worth doing. One thing I'm here for, when you look at the big picture.

THE FOLLOWING INTERCUTS OVER RYAN'S VOICE

IN THE FERRARI. Ryan drives at incredible speed with one hand as the other fishes around in a bag next to him.

IN THE YACHT. The hands of the clock on the wall read 3:52. Amy suddenly TAKES CHARGE. She throws Olivier onto his back, smiling down at him as she pulls out a pair of handcuffs and dangles them in her teeth.

IN THE MANSION. Samantha watches the hands of the clock as they approach 3:54.

IN THE PORT. The Ferrari screeches to a halt in front of the a line of stores which service the yacht-dwelling community of this tourist town.

IN THE YACHT. A now hand-cuffed-to-the-bedpost Olivier is having the best time he will probably ever have.

The hands of the clock read 3:55. Suddenly the SOUND OF A CAMERA'S MOTOR DRIVE startles him. Ryan is passing by the windows of the cabin, shooting in as he goes.

OLIVIER

What?!! Q'uest que ...? Oh Man Dieu!

Amy silences him with a vicious kiss. He's too confused, his body telling him a million things at once. He knows he should resist, but he's soooo close and...

BAM! The cabin door flies open. Ryan walks in, the camera's shutter going five times a sec. He's getting it all.

Then, just for good measure, Ryan whips out a Polaroid camera and takes one last shot. The film whines out of the front of the camera.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE DECK OF THE YACHT -- MINUTES LATER (DAY)

In the Polaroid Photograph, Olivier looks ridiculous in his moment of ecstasy.

Olivier is sitting in a chair on the deck of the yacht, a sheet wrapped around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan is sitting across from him, looking at him with a sincere and compassionate face. In front of him is the camera, and a powerbook hooked to a cell-phone. Olivier looks devastated.

RYAN (V.O.)
Yeah, she's it for me.

Amy is standing a little ways off, her back turned, looking out over the ocean. She looks untroubled, as if today had been a day of calm reflection instead of blackmail.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd) (cont'd)
And I would do anything for her.

At the table, Ryan gets down to business.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Look, Olivier. I know this sucks. And I know you're not a bad man.

Olivier looks up, his eyes filled with pleading, and further back, hatred.

RYAN (cont'd)
Believe it or not, we're not so bad, either. It's like church. You do something wrong, you cheat on your wife who, by the way, owns this boat and everything you have -- then they make you pay by saying Hail Mary'S. With us, it's cash. And nobody gets hurt. That's why it works.

OLIVIER
How do I know...?

RYAN
What? I haven't gone anywhere. What's ~n the camera -- that's it. This can all go away in seconds.

OLIVIER
Ii faux que je... I need to think.

Ryan looks a little worried. He checks his watch.

RYAN
Sure, think it over.

INT. THE VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

The Art Deco clock reads 4:10. Samantha comes in from the pool, wrapping her robe around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pours herself a drink from the bar -- the last in the bottle. She looks around, a little annoyed. So he didn't make 4:00, but this is ridiculous.

EXT. ON THE DECK OF THE YACHT CONTINUOUS

The teary-eyed Olivier is coming around. Finally he gets some guts back, stares back at Ryan.

OLIVIER

How much?

RYAN

Alright, now this is the part you're really going to hate.

Ryan turns the powerbook around so Oliver can see the screen. When he does, he RUSHES to the side of the boat and vomits.

RYAN (cont'd)

Told ya.

INT. THE VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

Samantha is now moving through the house, a little suspicious. She notices that the door to her husband's study is slightly open. She moves towards it.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan shoots a glance at his watch as Olivier punches the necessary pass-codes into the computer. Even as electronic transfer is being made, Ryan is gathering up his stuff.

On the other side of the deck, Amy still looks out at the water. Oliver now gets up and approaches her, his eyes red and swollen, his pride shattered.

When she turns, she seems exactly like she did on the beach. She smiles at him, a genuine nice smile.

AMY

Hey. How do you say "Ice Cream" in French?

OLIVIER

(mystified)

La Glace.

AMY

(bad french)

Je veux ... de la glace. I want Ice Cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Olivier SPITS in her face. In a FLASH, Ryan has FLATTENED him to the deck of the boat, his fist raised.

MIY (cont'd)

Wait!

without a trace of embarrassment, Amy wipes the spittle off her face, tasting the last bit with her tongue. Then she leans down, close to Olivier, close enough so he could hurt her if he tried.

AMY (cont'd)

If that's what you need to do, then
that's alright. This ...

(motioning to the computer)

This is just what we need to do.

Next to her, Ryan opens the camera and lets the film spool onto the ground next to a broken and confused Olivier.

INT. THE SPANISH VILLA CONTINUOUS

Samantha stands AGHAST in the doorway to her husband's office.

The office has been ransacked. Paper is strewn everywhere. Instinctively, Samantha goes to a particular drawer and opens it. She GASPS when she looks inside.

It's empty, except for a note. Samantha is still for a second as she reads, then she starts to laugh the laugh of someone who can afford to be screwed over. She flops down in her husband's expensive leather chair, still laughing.

RYAN (V.O.)

My Dearest Samantha ...

EXT. THE MARINA -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Amy walk away from the yacht towards the waiting Ferrari. Ryan opens the driver's side door and tosses the computer in the back where it lands on a pile of Savings bonds, strewn about the car.

Ryan and Amy get in and Ryan starts the engine.

RYAN (V.O.)

Even as I leave, I know that I will miss
you. I can only hope that this experience
does not make you a less trusting person.

The Ferrari peels away from the docks, headed east.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (V.O. cont'd)
You are an amazing woman and I know the
continuation of trust in your marriage is
surely worth infinitely more than I have
taken today.

INT. THE FERRARI -- CONTINUOUS

Amy laughs and throws herself into Ryan -- the man she truly
and ferociously loves -- as the car speeds past a sign:
"Benvenuto ad Italia!"

RYAN (V.O. cont'd)
Yours, Ryan.

The Ferrari speeds off into the distance.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd)
P.S. Thanks for the car.

INT. THE SPANISH VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Samantha reads the last of the letter, shaking her head.

SAMANTHA
Damn that's smooth.

CUT TO:

INT. A BANK IN FLORENCE -- DAY

Ryan and Amy sit in comfortable chairs in the manager's
office. a NERVOUS BANK OFFICIAL stands near them,
uncomfortable. Amy tugs at the official's sleeve.

AMY
Excuse me, has anybody ever robbed your
bank?

The Nervous Official nearly jumps out of his skin as the BANK
MANAGER arrives with an attache case. He, too, looks nervous.

BANK MANAGER
I am sorry for the delay ... it is, ah,
very unusual. And there is -- I am sorry -
- a fee of three-hundred thousand lire...

Ryan has popped open the case. Inside, it's all CASH. Ryan
tosses him a small bundle of bills.

RYAN
There's five, man. Thanks again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTIL--JUED:

He snaps the case shut and they are out of there. The t"NO bank officials watch them go, shaking their heads.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Amy and Ryan walk out into the day. Spread out before them, all of Florence awaits.

INT. A SUITE AT THE GRAND HOTEL VILLA MEDICI DAY.

It's the honeymoon suite in the finest hotel in Florence. Once a true palace, it's the lap of luxury. Huge canopied bed, full bar, fireplace. Pure elegance and light.

Ryan opens the great windows and looks out over the city. Behind him, Amy is in the bed, wrapped only in the sheet.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SQUARE IN FLORENCE -- NIGHT

The sky is full of fireworks. Below them, the streets are filled with locals and tourists alike, all part of a massive summer celebration.

Masks and costumes, fireworks and wine, it's a glorious summer evening. Amy and Ryan move through this, intoxicated by the event as much as from the bottle of wine Amy holds. In front of them, the PONTE VECHIO crosses the Arno.

without thinking twice, Amy leaps onto the wall, head back, basking in the light of the fireworks.

The drop to the water is a good thirty feet.

AMY
It's ... perfect!

She raises the bottle to her lips, drinks deeply, and LOSES HER BALANCE, falling towards the water. INSTANTLY, Ryan has her in his arms, gently lifting her off the wall. She stares up at him, drunk and happy.

AMY (cont'd)
You're always there for me, aren't you?

RYAN
Always.

They kiss. Deep, passionate, forgetting the world. He pulls slightly back to look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (cont'd)

I love you.

She looks at him tenderly. It's unclear if they say this often or if this is the first time. She starts to respond but suddenly her eyes LOCK over his shoulder. Like a predator sensing prey, they focus on:

TWO AMERICAN WOMEN

Somehow these two early-twenties women have wandered away from whatever formal event they were attending. In silk dresses, decked out with pearls, they move with the crowd, unaware that they have been spotted by Amy.

Amy's eyes get HUNGRY. Ryan sees the targets, too, but he's not in the mood for business.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We're fine, Amy, let's just have a night for us, okay?

AMY

No!

She pushes off him fiercely. Almost ready to strike. This is the other side of fearless, this is a little scary.

AMY (cont'd)

How long do you think they'll last out here like that? You'll be doing them a favor...

RYAN

Can't we just...

AMY

Fine, I'll get it myself.

She picks up a HEAVY COBBLESTONE from the street. It'll do as a weapon, and starts towards the two unsuspecting women. Ryan catches her by the arm.

RYAN

What are you doing? Come on, remember?
Nobody gets hurt. That's why it works.

Amy tosses the stone over her shoulder into the water, but she'S still waiting.

RYAN (cont'd)

I'll get it... just promise me you'll be at the hotel when I get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amy MELTS. Smiling, she leans forward and whispers in Ryan's ear exactly what she's going to do for him tonight in thanks. Even he blushes. Then she releases him.

AMY
I love you, too.

Ryan wants to stay, but he turns away from her, towards the prey.

IN THE SQUARE

The two American girls are wide-eyed with amazement. So much light and music and people threaten to overload their senses.

A cart, covered in decoration, is being drawn through the crowd quickly. Just as it reaches the women, a figure tries to dart past in front. The horses rear up as Ryan tumbles into the women, landing awkwardly.

RYAN
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I...

He looks up at them, then catches his breath as if he's just seen a vision of heavenly beauty on earth. Sprawled in the street, he seems pathetic. It makes the women bolder.

WOMAN 1
Hi.

WOMAN 2
We're from Dallas.

Beyond them, where Amy stood, is only the empty wall of the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAND HOTEL VILLA MEDICI -- SOME TIME LATER (NIGHT)

A drunken Amy strolls towards the hotel. She's carrying her shoes in one hand and a bottle in the other. She nods perfunctorily to the doorman as she passes.

INT. THEIR SUITE AT THE VILLA MEDICI -- MOMENTS LATER

Amy enters the empty suite, all its amenities are boring. Exasperated, Amy throws open the grand windows and goes out onto the balcony.

From up here, she can see over the rooftops of Florence. Most are dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From one, however, comes the sound and lights of a party. Blue lights strobing through ancient window panes. Even from here, you can smell the money of it.

Amy SMILES.

IN THE SUITE

The door opens and Ryan walks into the darkened room.

RYAN

Amy ...?

He stops in the middle of the room. There's no sign of Amy, the suite is empty. He listens to the night and hears ... music.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF FLORENCE - NIGHT

Amy wanders through the streets. She's dressed to kill. The MUSIC is getting louder and she's following it... until she catches sight of something that stops her short.

THROUGH A RESTAURANT WINDOW

Sitting at a table in this elegant eatery is a middle-aged couple. GEORGIA and JOHN TAYLOR. Georgia is absolutely stunning. Dark sensual hair covered in an exquisite scarf. Tasteful diamond jewelry. She's not some nouveaux riche poser with money crawling over her, she's more the genuine article: deep wealth worn with class and restraint.

He's a lean fifty-something who has the grin of a man who has won most of life's games. No detail of his surroundings escapes him. He's a man who likes to own things.

In contrast to Amy's sex-on-a-stick get-up, this is real class. Amy unconsciously pulls the hem of her too-short skirt down -- she'll never be like them and... wait a second? The expression on Amy's face CHANGES.

In the restaurant, John's hand has found its way into the nurse of the woman sitting behind him and now comes up with a credit card, deposited on the bill-tray at their own table.

Georgia doesn't even know what he's done but Amy has seen the whole thing and somehow he SENSES her there. John turns his head for a moment and STARES at her. After a second, he gently returns his gaze to Georgia.

INT. THE RESTAURfu-T - CONTINUOUS

At Job~ and Georgia's table. The credit card has been processed, the waitress hands the card to Georgia who, confused, starts to refuse it until she catches John's gaze leveled at her. He's watching her reaction.

Meeting his gaze, she signs the slip and hands it back to the waitress. She's passed this little test.

GEORGIA

Thank you ... I had a lovely evening.

JOHN

What an incredibly boring thing to say.

SLAP! It's nothing we expected to hear. Other tables nervously glance over. And even as he says it, his other hand has grabbed the card and is slipping it back in his neighbor's purse. Georgia looks pained.

GEORGIA

I'm sorry. I don't see why it's necessary ...

John gets up and helps Georgia into her evening coat. His lips graze her ear.

JOHN

It's not about necessary, love. It's about interesting.

For a second, nothing. Then Georgia smiles. It's a smile dredged up from some hidden reserve.

GEORGIA

Alright.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

John and Georgia emerge. He holds out his hand and she takes it tentatively. They walk up the street together.

From the shadows, Amy emerges. Ravenously fascinated. She follows them.

EXT. THE DOOR TO A PRIVATE HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Through this door, the party is going on. TWO LARGE GUYS are checking invitations. A line of gorgeous and coiffed people are waiting to get in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Georgia and John approach, the men checking invites recognize them and clear a path, gesturing them inside. Amy follows close behind. She walks in after them without a nod, like she owned the place.

INT. THE INCREDIBLE PRIVATE PARTY -- CONTINUOUS

This party is not to be outdone. The music swirls from a live orchestra. Priceless art is crammed onto the walls. Water flows from real greek statuaries. It's an ancient villa filled with the most modern of social climbing scum.

Through this, walks Amy. She may not be in a \$25,000 dress, but what she is wearing is doing 10,000-volt fine. A DRUNK SUIT bumps up against her and is suddenly transfixed. He's seen a vision.

DRUNK SUIT

'Alo Bella .."

Amy moves by him. The trace of sweat on her brow, the quick excitement in her eyes, turns every head, including the head of CESAR VERDI, who is a very dangerous man. These days guys like him are in finance, trading in the heavy neck and cigar for the vitamin-enriched health drink and pierced ear.

Cesar puts up a hand to silence the heroin-chic model he's been chatting up. His eyes track Amy across the room, connecting her to the people she's following. He frowns.

Georgia and John move into another room where a contemporary beat sleazes out of a sound system. Dig the upscale gothic fashion scene.

Amy cruises through, her gaze locked on John and Georgia. At the end of this room, they meet a well-dressed man who ushers them through a private door into a room where a brightly lit painting hangs on the wall. Amy starts to follow...

A hand grabs her arm. Cesar is there, smiling at her with a rack of perfectly bleached teeth. Amy smiles back at him while holding up a middle-finger before turning away.

That's when Cesar grabs her again, harder. And just after that is when he gets a face full of her drink.

INT. THE PRIVATE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia and John stand in front of a large and gorgeous PORTRAIT OF GEORGIA, sitting calmly in a gilded room. She looks so human amidst the exaggerated wealth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTICWED:

Next to them, the artist, the man who ushered them in, glows. John goes to the man, holds his head in his hands, and kisses his forehead.

JOHN
It's perfect, Antonio.

Georgia stares at the portrait of herself. No expression.

EXT. THE STREETS OF FLORENCE -- NIGHT

Ryan hurries along the dark streets full of stragglers from the night's revels, following the sound of the music.

INT. CESAR VERDI'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Amy is led into Cesar's private office by MUSCLES, one of the protein-drink creations Cesar uses as bodyguards. The other guy there is SQUINTY. He's an apathetic little sadist, pissed-off to be called away from the party.

Large paintings of naked women over a huge desk. Borderline cheesy. The sounds and sights of the continuing party down below barely filter in through the large one-way mirror that makes up the far wall of the office.

Cesar comes into the room, toweling the last of Amy's drink from his face. Amy gets it. This guy's going to wow her with his big power. She's not scared of that. She reaches onto the desk and pours herself the last from a bottle there.

AMY
Hey. You know, you should thank me.
Private Parties suck.

CESAR
Thank you.

Amy finishes the drink. Hands the empty glass to Muscles.

AMY
Can I get another?

Cesar motions to the guy who can't believe what he's being asked. But he goes, all the same.

THROUGH THE MIRRORED WALL

Georgia and John are making their way through the guests, leaving. They look perfect, and happy, as they kiss an elegant woman goodbye. Amy and Cesar watch them leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTICWED:

CESAR

Why were you following them?

AMY

I don't know. They seemed... ~lhy, friends
of yours?

Cesar motions to the whole crowd below them.

CESAR

All these people are my friends. And I
take care of my friends. But you're not
one of my friends.

AMY

Well, we just met.

She leans forward. A lot is being offered, but not what Cesar
wants.

CESAR

(talking to Squinty)

Portare il uomo. (Get the guy)

Squinty goes out as Muscles comes back in with a Martini. Amy
slams it and politely offers him the empty glass.

AMY

Just one more?

Amused, Cesar nods and Muscles goes back out. For the first
time, Amy and Cesar are alone. He's silent, watching her.

AMY (cont'd)

Alright ... uncle. You win. I'm sorry I
followed your friends. I'm sorry about
your suit. But I mean, don't you think
this is all a bit much?

Amy leans towards him again. Something is going wrong, but
she's not giving up yet.

AMY (cant'd)

Where's the fun, baby?

The door opens and a man walks into the room, chatting with
Squinty. It's the same drunken suit from the party.

CESAR

Ah! Here, is the fun!

The suit looks around, confused, and sees Cesar. Confusion
turns to PANIC.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNKEN SUIT

Cesar ...

And without anything more, he starts to cry.

Amy has gotten really really still. Her face shows NOTHING. Behind her, Cesar rises from the table. A gun has materialized in his hand. Squinty leaves, closing the door behind him.

CESAR

(to Amy)

Right about now you are wishing you were back home in America ... maybe watching some television. Seinfeld?

AMY

So, what? You're like the mob?

Cesar looks HARD at her. He really did expect that by this time she'd crack.

CESAR

You Americans. You think every Italian is a mafioso. But I'm not a mafioso.

(indicating the suit)

Now him. He's a mafioso.

AMY

Right. You're just a fuckin' loser.

KER-CHUNK! Cesar shoots the suit in the forehead, the sound muffled by the gun's silencer. The body slumps to the floor.

Blood hits the glass wall. Two small spatters speckle Amy's cheek. She doesn't seem to notice. Cesar crouches in front of her so his face is INCHES from hers.

with a finger, he pushes a bead of blood across her forehead. He's waiting for the moment when she starts crying. Instead, she smiles.

AMY (cont'd)

Sorry about your finger.

As Cesar's brain is figuring this out, Amy CHOMPS down on the finger while at the same time, clamping her hand over the gun and pinning it to the table.

Cesar HOWLS in pain as Amy SLAMS her knee into his groin and BUTTS him in the forehead with hers. Cesar goes down and Amy is racing for the door!

(CONTINUED)

Which is blocked by the enormous bulk of Muscles, holding her drink. He smiles at her. She's not going anywhere. Behind her, Cesar staggers to his feet.

THE ROOM MOMENTS LATER

Amy sits in the chair, her arms duct-taped behind her back. Cesar catches her with a right hook, busting her lip. She takes it as if she were on auto-pilot. The light has gone out of her eyes. She knows she'S screwed.

Through the one-way glass-mirrored wall, the party goes on, oblivious. It's only twenty feet away, but it might as well be miles.

Cesar's gun sits on the table -- only a matter of time until he uses it. Muscles sits at the table watching the show. Cesar holds' his mangled hand in front of her.

CESAR
Look at my hand!

AMY
I said I was sorry.

He hits her again. Somehow the stupidity of this whole situation is getting to Amy. She starts to LAUGH.

AMY (cont'd)
Man, you hit like a girl.

That'S it. Cesar has had enough. He TURNS to the table for his gun. Amy's decided to go down swinging.

AMY (cont'd)
Oh Hey! Better check the safety on that baby, 'cause you'd look really fucking stupid -- you go to kill a person and "oh, shit! I forgot the fucking safety!" I mean, that could really --

Cesar presses the gun to Amy's forehead and pulls back the hammer. Her eyes BURN up at him. SHE DOESN'T BLINK.

Suddenly the door BURSTS open. Squinty comes FLYING into the room, crashing into Cesar who goes down. Muscles starts to rise, then thinks better of it.

In Amy's eyes: pure love. Her bleeding lips smile.

AMY (cont'd)
Hey baby ...

(CONTINUED)

Ryan stands in the doorway, holding Squinty's gun.

RYAN
Where'd you go?

AMY
I heard music ...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Amy holds the gun while Ryan duct-tapes Cesar, Muscles, and Squinty.

RYAN
So, here's the thing. Don't really know
what's going on here, not really our
business and so we're gonna just leave
and I think we could save each other a
lot of heartache if we all just ...

The way Amy is staring at the corpse on the ground and holding the gun makes Ryan stop talking.

AMY
What'd he do?

CESAR
(full of contempt)
You know what? I forgot.

RYAN
Come on, let's just go ...

AMY
Sorry about your knee-caps.

Cesar looks at her, puzzled. Then he GETS IT. He starts to scream.

KER-CHUNK! KER-CHUNK! Amy has just shot Cesar once in each knee cap. He would scream if he didn't pass out.

In their seats, Squinty and Muscles squirm to pull away from the mess. Ryan just STARES, unbelieving. This wasn't supposed to happen. None of this was.

AMY (CONT'D)
Yeah, let's go ...

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO RIVER -- NIGHT

Amy looks at the moon, unblinking. Ryan tosses the gun into the river. Then he goes to Amy and touches her shoulder gently. She starts to cry. He holds her.

She sobs silently into him, her body convulsing with pain.

AMY
(barely audible through her
sobs)
I'm sorry ... I'm so sorry.

Ryan holds her, knowing that this evening is the start of something totally new for them. Blackmail games are over. Now it's going to be life and death.

EXT. THE GRAND HOTEL VILLA MEDICI -- SOME TIME LATER (NIGHT)

Amy and Ryan stay in the shadows. Amy is in trance-mode, just going through the motions. Ryan is in get-it-fixed mode. He methodically goes about saving their asses.

IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

Two over-caloried men are trying, not trying very hard, to blend in while they keep lookout. Up higher, a shadow passes by the curtains of their room. Someone's there as well. Amy and Ryan blend back into the night.

INT. THE FLORENCE TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

Ryan buys two tickets with cash. Amy has put on dark glasses.

RYAN
(responding to a question)
I don't care ... whatever's leaving soon.
Yes, vitte!

He looks towards the tracks where the conductors are climbing aboard a train ready to leave. On its head: VENEZIA.

INT. A SLEEPING COMPARTMENT OF THE TRAIN -- LATER (NIGHT)

Amy is already asleep before the train has even cleared the station. Ryan stares at her, stroking her hair .

He takes the STRING OF PEARLS out of his pocket and lets them trickle gently into her hand.

RYAN
(softly)
There's always more ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Even in sleep, Amy hears him, and smiles, just a little.

SMASH TO:

INT. THE SLEEPING COMPARTMENT OF THE TRAIN -- MORNING

Amy is LAUGHING as she TACKLES the sleeping Ryan, covering him with kisses. Not only has she washed, somehow made her clothes look fresh, but she has totally out the Dast behind her. There'S not a strand of evidence that anything has ever been less than perfect.

AMY
We're ... (kiss)
In ... (kiss)
Venice! !! (kiss kiss kiss)

She stops barraging him with kisses only long enough to SMILE at him, big and goofy. She wears the pearls around her neck as if she'd always had them.

AMY (cont'd)
Come'on, get up!

EXT. THE VENICE TRAIN STATION -- MORNING

Crowds of oblivious happy tourists crowd in vaporettis (Water Busses), snapping pictures frantically. It's a beautiful summer morning.

Amy waltzes herself out of the station and into the day.

AMY
I! Love! Venice!

She throws herself into his arms.

AMY (cont'd)
All we need is...

Amy spots a JEWELRY STORE, right on the canal. Her eyes light up.

EXT. A JEWELRY STORE -- MOMENTS LATER (MORNING)

Through the window of the store, Ryan can see Amy negotiating for the pearls with the elderly store-keeper. The transaction finished, she exits, fanning a huge stack of currency in front of her like the castanets of a make-shift Flamenco.

Ryan can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY OF A SMALL HOTEL -- DAY

Ryan hands bills over the counter to a friendly elderly CONCIERGE. She smiles back -- no teeth.

CONCIERGE

Passports.

As Amy moves by them, up towards their room, Ryan makes a dumb-show of having the passports packed.

RYAN

Excuse. Urn... passports ... later.

And he's off up the stairs after Amy. The woman looks after them. She doesn't buy it, doesn't like it.

INT. A SMALL HOTEL ROOM ON THE GRAND CANAL - DAY

Amy raises the blinds to look out on the canal. It's a breathtaking view of the boats, gondolas, and way out in the lagoon, a GIANT LINER is anchored.

She turns away into the room and fiddles with the small radio. Ryan takes her place at the window. He's scanning the crowd in front of the hotel, looking for something out of place. There are too many faces.

Amy passes over a few Italian songs on the radio and then stumbles across "Night in White Satin," by The Moody Blues. She laughs and leaves it on. She fills a bowl with water and washes her hair. The water runs off her hair and across her neck.

AMY

(remembering)

Je veux de la Glace ...

RYAN

10 volere gelato. (I want Ice Cream)

AMY

Hey. Promise me something.

RYAN

Alright.

AMY

No matter what we do, we'll always come back. Promise me that there's nothing real except ... this. Just you and me. And nothing else is real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan moves away from the window. Amy NEVER talks this way.

AMY (cont'd)
Could you promise me? That?

RYAN
Okay.

He takes her in his arms and holds her. She trembles a little. This kind of intimacy is new for them... and scary.

RYAN (cont'd)
I promise.

They kiss gently.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Amy leads the way through the impossible twists and turns of the Venice market streets, letting the sheets of fabric roll over them as they wander through the silk markets.

In a large square, Ryan drinks from one of the outdoor fountains. Amy plays soccer with some kids. She plays hard.

Ryan buys her a necklace of venetian Glass Beads. He fastens it around her neck.

EXT. THE CANALS OF THE CITY -- EVENING

Ryan and Amy in a Gondola, moving through small canals. He's relaxing, looking up at the darkening red sky. Long shadows pass over them as the city turns into night.

Amy pulls the blanket over them and before Ryan knows what has happened, she's wriggled out of her halter top and climbed on top of him. He looks at her, surprised for a moment. She SMILES, ravenous.

In seconds, they are making love. It's not vulgar. A passer by would never figure it out.

But close to them, it's INTENSE. They move, just a little, as the Gondola glides through the water. They are oblivious to the world around them, lost in each other.

ANOTHER GONDOLA PASSES THEM

Filled with a whole family. Most of the family just smiles stupidly at their neighbors. Only a SMALL GIRL seems to get it. She FROWNS at them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAND CANAL NEXT TO SAN MARCO -- NIGHT

Their trip over, they exit the gondola. Amy first as Ryan pays. The Gondolier LAUGHS and winks at Ryan.

Amy is already walking away towards ...

INT. THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN MARCO, VENICE -- NIGHT

Even filled with evening tourists, this giant and solemn space feels silent and private. Huge vaulted ceilings rise to ancient gold mosaics.

Most people are leaving, closing time. Amy moves forward, against the flow. Ryan catches up with her in front of an altar to Mary. Amy stares into the eyes of the Virgin.

RYAN

You getting religious, Ames?

AMY

I saw her before ...

And there is Georgia, kneeling at the altar. The beautiful silk clothing she wears in contrast to her position of supplication. She rises and walks towards the exit of the cathedral where she's met by John. Amy's gaze is welded to the two of them in a mix of fear and amazement that she has found them again.

Ryan moves forward. There, next to the altar, Georgia has left her white silk scarf. He picks it up. Tiny diamonds glitter at the end of the fabric.

John and Georgia leave together. Amy and Ryan ... follow.

EXT. THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO -- CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

The piazza in front of the cathedral has become a candle-lit dream land. Georgia and John stop at the base of the steps to listen to a violinist playing. John's eyes scan the horizon, restless. A flower vendor approaches Georgia and offers her a beautiful rose, gratis, which she accepts graciously.

Amy soaks in every detail. She watches Georgia put the flower in her hair and thank the vendor in perfect Italian as they leave towards the Grand Canal.

Amy unconsciously follows until she is abreast of the flower vendor. Amy looks at him, expectantly. He smiles back at her.

M1Y

What are you waiting for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUE:

Frustrated, she GRABS a rose from the man and PUSHES him away, He retreats in shock.

Ryan starts to follow after Georgia and John when Amy's hand stops him. Slight tremble in her grip.

AMY (cont'd)
Let's just ... let's go home.

This honestly surprises Ryan. He unconsciously believed these two were their next targets, without question.

RYAN
I thought ...

AMY
I don't ... let's just go home.

Amy turns and walks away. It takes Ryan a moment to process that this is happening before following. He takes one last glance towards the canal.

ON THE GRAND CANAL

A water-taxi is waiting to speed Georgia and John away towards the lights of the giant cruise liner, floating in the lagoon. As she steps in, her hand goes for the first time to her shoulders, where she expects to find her scarf. It's not there.

GEORGIA
John, I've lost my wrap ...

John stares at her with no expression at all. Then he shrugs and continues past her into the water taxi. As the taxi pulls from the side of the canal, Georgia scans the plaza receding behind them for any sign of the scarf. There's nothing.

EXT. ALONG THE GRAND CANAL -- MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Amy walks straight ahead. She's angry, or frightened. Either way, she doesn't know what to do with this emotion. Ryan tries to keep up.

RYAN
Well that was odd.

AMY
Why?

RYAN
I don't know ... seemed like your kinda thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Really? Ttlhats' my kinda thing?

They've reached their hotel. They go in, mid conversation.

INT. THE HOTEL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan isn't willing to let this go, yet. Amy just keeps moving. The Concierge is nowhere to be seen so Ryan reaches over the counter and grabs their key.

RYAN

Rich, kinda older, wearing ten-K in jewelry, definitely needing a little pick-me-up in the marriage ...

AMY

You're not good enough.

Amy's already on her way up the stairs. Ryan has to catch up.

RYAN

I'm not what?

Amy has reached their hotel door. She grabs the key and ~s fumbling to get the key in the lock.

AMY

You heard me. She'd see through you.

Ryan's face is a mask of astonished incredulity. Amy clicks the lock back. At the end of the hall, a toilet flushes.

AMY (cont'd)

(tenderly)

I'm not being a bitch, baby. It's the truth. Sorry if you don't want to hear it.

Amy strides into the room, Ryan following.

RYAN

That is such bull--

'NHAM! The punch that catches Ryan on the side of the head sends him REELING against the wall. Amy has only time to start to scream before a fist in her gut DOUBLES HER OVER. She lands on the bed, gasping for air.

In the corner, whoever punched Ryan is now kicking him. Huge, rib-cracking blows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Whoever hit A.J. forces her head into the bed, suffocating her, while he rips off her skirt with his free hand.

Her mouth filled with bedspread, only one of her eyes connects with Ryan, even as he is hit again and again. Her attacker now uses his free hand to fumble with his belt-buckle. Rape in the making.

A VOICE
Arrestarlo! (Stop!)

Suddenly, there is a PAUSE. Through a cloud of pain and terror, Amy and Ryan have a second to finally see their attackers.

The guy who hit and kicked Ryan is THE GIANT. Easily 7 feet of muscle and meanness. Amy's attacker we know. It's Squinty. His grudge with Amy is personal by this point.

The guy who halted the proceedings is CESAR'S SON. He's young, too young for this job. What he lacks in experience, he makes up for in rage. He's also got the only gun.

CESAR'S SON
(to Squinty)
Questa? (This is them?)

Squinty nods. Ryan is trying to CLAW his way to his feet. He crashes back down. Cesar's son nervously pulls out a picture of his father and while Squinty pulls back Amy's head, he holds it in front of her.

CESAR'S SON
You recognize this man?

AMY
(talking through tears)
Where is dad, anyway? Oh, right, the stairs ...

Squin-y JERKS her head back and in a flash has a blade pressed against her throat. She CRIES OUT in pain and Ryan surges to his feet only to be pummeled back against the wall by The Giant.

Cesar's Son holds the picture up for both of them.

CESAR'S SON
Okay. So this is who is killing you. You understand?
(to The Giant)
Okay ...

(CONTINUED)

The Giant starts to move in to finish off Ryan. As he does, Ryan struggles into a fighting stance. Unsteady, barely able to keep his guard up. He looks half as big as The Giant.

The Giant stops for a second to look at the image in front of him. He smiles.

THE GIANT

Guardare questa! Egli's andare a C
divertente dopo tutto! (Look at this!
He's going to be fun after all)

Ryan looks like he will collapse on his own. He can barely stand. He trembles unsteadily in front of The Giant.

The voice-over surprises us. \ 'I haven't heard from it in awhile.

RYAN (V.O.)

(whisper)

Hey, you wanna see something cool?

This is what happens next ...

Ryan catches The Giant with a right hook so powerful it breaks his neck.

Ryan catches the huge body in mid flight, using it as a shield from the bullets of Cesar, Jr. 's gun. He throws the body at Cesar, Jr. who goes down under the weight.

The gun rolls free and Ryan has it before Squinty even starts to understand what's going on.

A.J.\fVFACE

Around us, we can hear the sounds of HITS and the muffled sound of the silenced gun. All the while, we stay with Amy, who has curled her knees up to her chest.

Somewhere a body falls and then QUIET. All we see is Amy.

AMY

(under her breath)

Nights in White Satin
Never reaching the end...
Cause I love you ...

THE ROOM, SEEN FROM ABOVE

Carnage. Three bodies lie sprawled on the floor. Ryan, covered in blood, sits quietly next to Amy who looks like she's sleeping.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Ryan takes care of the problem. The room is scrubbed. Bodies are disposed of. All through the night he works. As dawn is starting to break, the room looks perfect.

But now Ryan, standing at the small sink, scrubbing the blood from his hands, looks far from perfect. He tears at the stains, shaking. Trying to get every trace of the blood away.

The whole time Amy has not moved. She watches him, silently. He glances at her, eyes bloodshot with tears. In the gaze she returns, nothing.

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE PIER ON THE GRAND CANAL -- DAY

BRIGHT DAY clobbers us as we MOVE through the hundreds of tourists clambering onto ferries which will take them out to the GIANT LINER in the harbor.

Amy watches the ferries as they churn into the canal. She's very still.

INT. A BOOTH ~~XT TO THE COMMOTION -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan approaches an Italian TICKET-SELLER sitting in the booth. Sunglasses try unsuccessfully to hide the bruises. The man barely lifts his gaze.

RYAN
Can we get passage?

TICKET SELLER
(droning)
Yes, we have beautiful accommodations
which will amaze your senses while
filling your heart with ...

The man pauses. He takes in Ryan's black eye hiding behind the glasses, his torn clothing. He puts away the pamphlet he was about to use to sell the upper decks.

TICKET SELLER (cont'd)
Five hundred thousand Lire. Four nights.

Ryan leafs through the bills he has. He doesn't have it.

RYAN
What about for one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TICKET SELLER
Three hundred fifty.

RYAN
One. t1rs. Delaware.

The seller eyes him oddly.

TICKET SELLER
Do you have a passport for Mrs ...

Ryan peels a few more bills off the wad. It's almost gone.
The Ticket Seller eyes him for a moment, then scoops up the money.

EXT. THE PIER ON THE GRAND CANAL -- CONTINUOUS

Outside, Ryan finds Amy and they join the masses crushing onto the ferries. They shuffle forward in line. When they reach the woman collecting their tickets, Ryan hands her two and they board the ferry.

Next in line, a family of four. The father reaches into his jacket for his ticket, comes out empty handed. He looks confused, starts to search himself for the missing ticket as Ryan and Amy disappear into the ferry.

INT. ON THE FERRY -- MOMENTS LATER (MORNING)

The ferry crashes through somewhat blustery water. The packed-in tourists are awe-struck as the GIANT FORM OF THE LINER looms in front of them.

Everyone except Amy cranes their heads to look up at the giant letters "ODYSSEUS" painted on the ship's bow. A plain woman takes pictures on her digital camera. A father lifts his daughter up so she can see.

Amy is far away, distracted and dark. \l'hicWe've seen before. But this is the wrong time for it. This is the time when Amy normally pops back to life. Behind her dark glasses, she seems hardly there.

EXT. NEXT TO THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

The boat pulls up to the Liner and docks at the floating dock which has been deployed from the side. People start to emerge.

INT. THE FERRY -- CONTINUOUS

As the ferry empties out, Amy's not moving. Ryan picks up both their bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Ames? Come on, Ames. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Amy move through swarms of happy and bright tourists until they come to a staircase. In the up direction, a sign for "First Class Passengers" and in the down direction "Other Classes."

Ryan starts to descend. Amy pauses, but then gives in and follows him down.

INT. A SMALL CABIN MOMENTS LATER (MORNING)

The door to the cabin opens. Ryan and Amy look into the tiny stateroom, designed for one. It's just big enough for a single bed, a small desk, and a shower/bathroom at the end.

They've fallen far.

RYAN

Not too shabby, considering ...

Amy isn't listening. She goes into the bathroom and closes the door behind her. Click.

RYAN (cont'd)

Amy? Amy?

He sighs and sits on the bed. He pulls out the wad of cash they have left and tosses it on the table in front of him. It looks very small.

EXT. THE LINER "ODYSSEUS" -- CONTINUOUS

A horn BLASTS as the huge anchors of the Liner lift from the sea. Slowly, the boat begins to move through the water.

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS (MORNING)

Ryan waits. The sound of the shower running is all that greets him. Without warning, he SMASHES his fist against the wall. Only the sound of the shower replies.

Ryan runs a hand through his hair, tosses on his remaining clean shirt. With one last glance backwards, he leaves.

EXT. THE DECKS OF THE LINER -- DAY

Ryan cruises the outdoor decks of the ship, alone. He prowls from level to level, moving upwards, past tourists who crowd to the rails of the ship, watching Venice recede as the boat gets underway.

He arrives at a map of the ship which demonstrates the levels reserved for the general public and the upper decks, reserved for the better sorts. He heads upwards.

He finally arrives at the stairway he's been looking for: "First Class Promenade". He's about to go up when ...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me! Excuse me!

CAROL DAY is trembling, shifting from foot to foot like she has to pee, holding a blank book out at him and smiling. She's the plain woman from the ferry with the digital camera.

CAROL

Oh God, I'm sorry. I'm really -- I mean I'm ~~so~~ embarrassed. But would you, just ...?

She shakes the sticker-covered autograph book at him frantically. Ryan doesn't get it.

CAROL (cont'd)

My kid, she watches you like religiously, and I -- I know, this is terrible. Could you just make it out to Sammy?

RYAN

Sammy?

CAROL

That's my daughter. She watches you religious-- oops. Said that. I sometimes say things ... twice. Urn, please?

Ryan finally gets it. He takes the book and pen, scrawls an illegible signature.

CAROL (cont'd)

That's ... that's so sweet. You're a good man. You're a sweet good man.

She shuffles around in her purse, pulls out the digital camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

No, really I've gotta ...

She takes a picture. Smiles like she got a first kiss.

CAROL

You're a good man.

RYAN

Okay. You take care.

Ryan turns and leaves, up towards the

FIRST CLASS PROMENADE

This elegant level is a different world from the lower decks of gangly touristica. People move easily, sure that somewhere far away their riches are growing. The towels on canvas lawn-chairs are pressed. The various attendants do their job smoothly and efficiently.

As Ryan steps into this world, a YOUNG STEWARD stops him. The "Odysseus" is an American Liner, staffed by a mix of Europeans and Americans. This squirt is definitely the later.

YOUNG STEWARD

Excuse me, sir? This level is reserved
for...

Ryan pushes a bill into his hand, not even pausing, and he's among them, cruising restlessly.

Ryan looks like he belongs here, but something about him makes the assorted debutantes give him the once-over as he stands in the middle of it all, looking for her. And, eventually, he finds her.

Georgia is standing at the front rail, looking out into the waiting ocean while everyone else watches Venice recede. She's changed, clothing more exquisite than one would wear off the ship. At her neck, a delicate string of diamonds. A vision of elegance on the prow of the huge ship.

Ryan moves closer. Georgia feels him there and turns slightly, squinting to see him clearly.

GEORGIA

Can I help you?

RYAN

Everyone else is looking back towards the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

Yes. = like to think of the future.

Georgia returns her gaze to the open sea.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

Where are you looking?

RYAN

At you.

She looks at him again, surprised that someone would be so forward.

GEORGIA

Well well, and such a handsome young man.
Did I win a ship's raffle?

RYAN

What?

GEORGIA

So, handsome young man, what do you see?

RYAN

I see a beautiful woman who is taking a
cruise, because she thinks it will make
everything alright. But it won't.
Instead ...

Georgia tries to stifle a laugh. She can't. She laughs outright.

GEORGIA

I'm sorry. Really. It's very generous of
you. But the bored housewife routine ... I
can't say that's going to work here. It's
not that you don't do it well, but ...

She studies him with amused sympathy.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

I'm not a bored housewife. And you are ...

Ryan pulls the scarf he picked up at the cathedral out of his breast pocket where it has been neatly folded. He holds it out to her, offering.

She's surprised, not sure what he is up to.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

The handsome young man has something of
mine. And he's come to ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

After a moment of consideration she reaches for it just as a GUST OF WIND grabs the light cloth and lifts it into the air and over the side.

Ryan rushes to the side, watches the delicate cloth waft gently down towards the churning water.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

I suppose, thank you, anyway.

RYAN

I'm sorry. I should have ...

Georgia looks at him, waiting for him to finish. He doesn't have anything left to say. She shrugs slightly, his blunder is sort of charming.

GEORGIA

It was ... just money.

Suddenly, Georgia's eyes shift to beyond Ryan. Her face lights up.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

Darling! This handsome young man just called me beautiful. Then he drowned my scarf. They're getting more forward these days, don't you think?

Ryan turns to find John there, holding a drink. Behind him, a WAITER stands with two other drinks on a tray. John hands one to Georgia and the other to Ryan.

JOHN

Nice to meet you. John Taylor.

RYAN

Ryan Everest. And I didn't ... I was trying to ..

John pulls a ROLL OF CASH out of his pocket. Easily several thousand. He peels an American fifty off the roll and stuffs it in the waiter's jacket pocket as he turns back to Ryan, SMILING like a predator who just cornered his prey.

JOHN

Everest? Like the mountain?

RYAN

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Sure. I climbed it once, you know. We
lost two guides. Tough rock.

RYAN
You're kidding.

JOHN
No. I'm not. It seems big and scary at
first. But finally, when you get down to
it. It's just... a whole lot'a dirt.

John LAUGHS loudly. Ryan BURNS.

JOHN (cont'd)
I was just talking about the mountain.

GEORGIA
Leave the boy be, John, he's --

JOHN
Shut up, Georgia. The man can fend for
himself. Isn't that right, Mr. Everest?
Except one thing. If you're going to
bribe your way onto QYX deck. You'll have
to do better than this.

Between two fingers, John holds up the money Ryan gave the
steward, his eyes gleaming. Ryan gently takes it, eye to eye
with John. There's violence building.

GEORGIA
Wow, allover little 'ole me.

John winks, egging him on, but Ryan lets it go.

RYAN
Thank you.

Ryan turns and walks away.

JOHN
(calling after him)
Mr. Everest? You forgot your drink!

Ryan's seething. He heads for the stairway. The young steward
SMIRKS as Ryan passes him. Without hesitation, Ryan GRABS him
by the lapels and PROPELS him into a nook, out of sight,
SLAMMING him against the wall.

RYAN
Hi. Rules have changed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Ryan pushes hard against the young man's throat.

RYAN (cont'd)

You never stop me again when I come up here. You treat me like royalty. Not for money now, but so I don't hurt you. This is serious. You could falloff the boat. Do you understand?

YOUNG STEWARD

Yes ... I'm sorry, I...

Ryan shoves the guy away and continues down, back to the lower decks.

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- DAY

Amy sits on the bed, staring at herself in the small mirror across from the bed. She's shivering.

FLASHBACK - INT. THE HOTEL ROOM IN VENICE

Amy's face hits the bed and she starts to suffocate and Squinty rips at her dress. She SCREAMS into the fabric.

IN THE CABIN

Amy gets up, shakily, and touches the mirror. In her reflection, she notices that a tear has run down her cheek. It makes her ANGRY.

She hurls the first thing she can reach, the phone, at the mirror. It SHATTERS.

RYAN (O.S.)

Amy?

Ryan is standing in the doorway. She sees him and goes to him instinctively, looking for him to take her in his arms.

He doesn't. He pushes by her and sits on the bed. She looks at him, destroyed and confused.

AMY

Baby ...?

RYAN

(whispering)

You gonna give up?

AMY

No ... I'm just a little fucked up, because of ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy goes dark. She starts to move by Ryan, back to the bathroom.

Ryan CATCHES her and HOLDS HER TIGHT against the small desk.

RYAN
(furiously)

Don't. Don't you give up. We're going to be alright but I need you with me. I need you back with me right now, Amy.

AMY
I know, I know. I just ... I gotta ...

RYAN
STOP IT. We got about a hundred bucks left. Within a day we're gonna be begging on the deck for kitchen scraps to eat. So I need you here. Right ~.

AMY
I am! I am! just ...

RYAN
NO! YOU'RE NOT! You're off somewhere in poor-me-I-lost-my-money! Poor me I fucked up. POOR ME I'M A BROKE SLUT WHO CAN'T ...

AMY
FUCK YOU!

Lightning fast, Amy knees Ryan in the stomach. He crumples onto the bed and before he can do anything, Amy has one of the broken pieces of mirror in her bare hand, held poised above his throat.

AMY (cont'd)
You don't know SHIT! You don't know me!

STILLNESS. A drop of blood oozes from Amy's hand where it clutches the shard of mirror and runs along the blade.

RYAN
(quietly)
Hey baby ...

AMY
Hey ...

And it's over ... the jagged glass piece falls to the floor. Gently, she kisses him. There's life back in those eyes. And love.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

That was pretty scary.

He kisses her. She laughs a little. He starts to kiss her and tickle her lightly as he talks.

RYAN (cont'd)

Besides. You cut me up in little pieces, and then maybe you fall asleep. And in the middle of the night, the little pieces crawl into bed with you. And they do ... unspeakable things to you.

AMY

Mmmmm. Maybe I should.

RYAN

They make desperate little-piece love to you.

AMY

Eek!

She throws herself at him, laughing. They rollover and over and finally stop, still laughing. Ryan becomes still.

RYAN

The couple from Venice. They're here.

Her laughter stops. Something dark passes across her face.

RYAN (cont'd)

Of course, I guess I'm still not good enough ...

Amy stops him, pressing her hand across his mouth.

AMY

Stop it. Don't do that with me.

She removes her hand and kisses him. It's a real kiss, from an Amy who's back and alive in her body.

AMY (cont'd)

Thank you.

She looks at the small pile of money on the table in front of them. She takes a single bill off the pile and puts it aside. Then she sweeps up the pile.

AMY (cont'd)

I gotta get something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

And with a quick kiss she's gone, out the door. Ryan lies back in the bed, closes his eyes. Exhales.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST-CLASS PROMENADE OF THE LINER -- DAY

Bright sun. Open ocean. Beautiful people in swim wear easy on the eyes. Ryan sits at the bar, scanning the sea of people. He nurses a drink, looks for his target.

All around the deck, heads are turning, sunglasses are lowering. Something has the collective libido of the deck on a hook.

Amy takes the stool next to him. This Amy has little in common with the one we last saw. She is absolutely breathtaking in a sheer red bikini and silk robe. She leans against the bar, doesn't look at him. \~atever she lost for awhile, it's back and then some.

AMY
(to the bartender)
Campari.

Instinctively, they keep their gaze away from each other, maintaining the illusion of two random people at the bar. It's still closer than Ryan would like.

AMY (cont'd)
Hey, lover.

RYAN
Is that all our money?

AMY
What'd'ya think?

She leans back so he can get a look. He stares straight ahead.

RYAN
Careful.

AMY
Relax. The sheep don't watch the wolves.
They just wait, and get eaten. Hey,
look at that...

Ryan looks in the direction she indicates. A couple has just emerged from their wedding by the ship's captain. They're posing at the railing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

Nice. How long to take him?

Amy studies the groom. Handsome, happy, but his smile is not always full. He's letting himself be pulled along.

AMY

You're kidding me. Twenty minutes.

RYAN

Today?

AMY

Alright. Twenty-four hours. Her?

The bride is radiant. This is what she has dreamed of from childhood and it's happening now. When she kisses her new husband, it's with everything she has.

RYAN

No. Couldn't do it. She's happy.

Amy takes a long pull off her drink. Shrugs.

AMY

Alright. I win.

RYAN

No. Five o'clock. Balding.

The guy Ryan's talking about now is shlump personified. He mopes along next to a somewhat domineering and over-the-hill wife who takes for granted the small kindnesses he tries to win her favor with.

AMY

You're kidding.

The wife sits down, stretches and puts up her feet. The shlump puts a pillow behind her head, carefully. Really carefully. It's what he lives for.

Amy watches, amazed.

AMY (CaNT'D)

Okay, it's a tie.

There'S a burst of applause from the crowd around the wedding party. Amy looks over. The bride and the groom are kissing.

AMY (cont'd)

Hey, you ever think...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ryan waits for her to finish. She doesn't. And still, they can't look at each other.

RYAN
Are you proposing to me?

AMY
(offended)
No. But you could be a little nice.

RYAN
(smiling)
I don't know, sounds to me like...

The words die on his lips, his gaze locks.

AMY
What?

RYAN
There they are.

Georgia and John have just come onto the deck. They walk arm in arm. The rich loving couple who has everything.

RYAN (cont'd)
Can you take him?

John says something to Georgia that makes her smile. His eyes light up watching her laugh.

Amy freezes. Her eyes narrow. Revenge, fear, excitement. A host of emotions Ryan has no way to guess at. Besides, he's too busy studying them himself.

AMY
He likes her.

RYAN
Yeah.

Georgia puts a hand on her husband's neck, strokes the back of his head.

AMY
She likes him, too...

Georgia's gaze has once again drifted far away, out to sea.

RYAN
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY
It's too bad, that's all.

RYAN
You going soft on me, Ames? Amy?

Ryan turns. Amy is gone. He scans the deck but she's nowhere to be found.

GEORGIA (O.S.)
Mr. Everest.

Georgia has come up to the bar next to him, surprising Ryan.

GEORGIA (cant'd)
You look in fine form today.
(to the bartender)
Straight up, Antonio.

RYAN
Where's your husband?

GEORGIA
I tossed him overboard of course so we could consummate our little tryst. Maybe right here on the bar? Just call me beautiful again.

RYAN
You are beautiful, you know. Just for the record.

GEORGIA
And you're handsome. And you speak well. But there's something ... you're not an inch away from white trash, are you? What's the story, Ryan? Dance instructor? Pool boy?

Ryan laughs and nods.

RYAN
It's all about making fun, for you, isn't it? Just keep tearing everything down, maybe you'll be the last one standing.

GEORGIA
Now that's classy.

RYAN
It's not about class, it's --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEORGIA
Not you, sexy. Thi!t.

Ryan follows her gaze out onto the deck where Amy, looking more beautiful than ever, has wandered to the side of the pool wearing the robe over her swimsuit.

GEORGIA (cont'd)
Still want to stay here and chat, or has better bait entered the water?

RYAN
She's not better than you. She's easy.

This catches Georgia a little off guard.

GEORGIA
Well, perhaps you should --

RYAN
You think I'm wrong? Watch.

Amy spreads her towel by the side of the pool. Then, she drops her robe. She's only wearing the lower half of a bikini. She stretches out by the side of the pool on her back, dribbles water with one hand across her chest.

GEORGIA
One has to wonder where she'll be sleeping tonight?

RYAN
Come on, Georgia, can't you guess?

GEORGIA
I thought I was better than... oh.

Georgia's voice trails off as she catches sight of John, holding the two drinks he went to get, transfixed by the sight of Amy. And Amy has opened her eyes a little, and smiled at him.

EXT. NEXT TO THE POOL - CONTINUOUS

John approaches Amy. He stands near her, enjoying the glow of her body. Like standing too close to a fire. He sips his drink and stares without apology. It's the visual equivalent of licking her from toe to chin.

JOHN
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hi.

JOHN

Do you know what the Sirens were?

Amy squints up at him. He plucks the olive from his drink and pops it in his mouth.

JOHN (cont'd)

Creatures from the sea. They would sing to wayward sailors who would follow their song onto the rocks ... and drown.

AMY

So they'd never even get to them, before they drowned?

JOHN

No, I don't think so.

AMY

Doesn't seem fair. I mean, if you're going to drown. Like Cleopatra.

JOHN

Don't follow.

AMY

She would let men make love to her, if they were willing to die the next morning. That seems ... fair.

JOHN

I like your thinking. My names's John.

Amy just smiles back at him.

JOHN (cont'd)

Do we know each other ...?

AMY

Florence. You paid for a meal with a stolen card. I watched.

JOHN

Well, that can be explained.

AMY

Sure. You're rich. So you need to do something dangerous. Something exciting. Something you could get caught at.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

Alright.

AMY

My name's Amy. I'm something you could
get caught at.

JOHN

Yes, I believe you are.

AMY

And I love money.

JOHN

Is that right?

AMY

Shhhhh.

She dangles the key to their cabin from her fingers.

AMY (cont'd)

Two. Five. Seven. It's the most important
number in the world.

JOHN

Alright. Although mine's easier. You just
look... up.

She follows his gaze upwards. Way up, just under the bridge
of the ship, the dark glass windows of the most luxurious
stateroom on the ship.

REFLECTED IN GEORGIA'S SUNGLASSES

John and Amy say their good-byes and he heads back towards
Georgia and Ryan.

JOHN

You know, I really like these European
bathing customs. Why look, it's Mr.
Everest. I haven't brought you a drink
this time... but perhaps you've got all
you need.

GEORGIA

And perhaps you do as well, John.

JOHN

What, her?

The two men look out at Amy who suns with her eyes closed.
Georgia picks up her book and starts to read.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's something, alright. Bet she could just fuck a person in half.

RYAN

Jesus ...

JOHN

You don't think so? I mean, it's probably your field of expertise, anyway.

RYAN

I just meant --

JOHN

What? Are you defending my wife from me?

RYAN

Do I need to?

John stops for a moment, angry. Then he lets it go, smiles.

JOHN

Yeah. Maybe. I'm late anyway -- afternoon teleconference. That's another angle to use, you know. "He can't leave work behind." "He doesn't really care about anything but the money." You should give it a try.

RYAN

Thank you. I will.

GEORGIA

See you later, darling.

John leaves them. They both watch him go.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

You've actually got him worried. And it's not easy to scare John. His money usually gives him courage.

RYAN

Doesn't it bother you ... that he treats you like that?

Georgia laughs lightly, but there's deep injury there, just below the surface.

GEORGIA

When you are ... as we are. It becomes something a little different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGIA (cont'd)

Who can take it best. \~ll@can smile
through the worst of it. Never been in
love, Mr. Everest?

Across the way, Amy is still lying by the pool. Her eyes open just a slit, watching Ryan and Georgia. Through sunglasses, Ryan looks back at her.

RYAN

No ... there was a girl .. But she was
unpredictable. One day, she just ...
caught fire.

We pan up and away to

AN UPPER RAILING

Where John stands, looking down. He wears sunglasses. Watches Amy as she 'gets up, puts back on her suit, and leaves the deck. He watches Ryan watch her leave, then turns back into the boat.

EXT. ALONG THE SIDE OF THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

Amy wanders casually along the exterior passage. She passes tourists, uncaring of the stares she gets.

Far behind her in the crowd, John is following her.

EXT. ON THE SUN DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia starts to collect her things, getting ready to go.

RYAN

Do you still love your husband?

GEORGIA

I don't know if I ever loved my husband.
But I need him, I know that.

RYAN

Do you still make love with your husband?

Georgia leans in as if she might slap Ryan hard. But then she smiles, mock slaps him lightly.

GEORGIA

Up here, on the Promenade deck, we call
it fucking.

EXT. THE SIDE PASSAGE OF THE SHIP --CONTINUOUS

Amy, with John following behind her, turns and disappears into the relative darkness of the ship's interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA (V.O.)

And you're off the mark. You think I'm in need of an exotic lover, but John is actually quite ... voracious in his appetites. Frightening, even.

John follows Amy into the dark of the ship's interior.

INT. THE BALLROOM -- CONTINUOUS

This giant ballroom is presently deserted. Tonight it will be packed with party-goers, but right now it feels lonely. John stands there, temporarily at a loss. Amy has disappeared. He quietly sits at one of the empty tables, listening. Is she hiding?

EXT. ON THE PROMENADE DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia begins to leave.

RYAN

So what do you want?

Georgia stops and looks at him. She smiles, a little sad.

GEORGIA

No, Mr. Everest. What do you want?

She turns and walks away from him.

EXT. AN OUTSIDE STAIRWAY ON THE BOAT -- CONTINUOUS

John, having lost Amy, climbs the stairs towards his large stateroom at the top. When he gets to the glass doors which make up the exterior entrance, he finds GLASS, LITTERING THE GROUND. One of the large sliding doors has been SMASHED.

He goes inside. Dark paneling, a bar, several rooms. Art on the walls. It looks more like someone's lived in home than a cabin on a boat. The floors of this impossibly elegant room are covered in shattered glass.

Lying in the middle of it all, Amy's red swimsuit. John picks it up and feels the fabric between his fingers as he wanders through his own stateroom. The door to his bedroom is ajar. He pushes it open.

Over his shoulder, we see Amy stretched out naked on his bed, waiting. She stares at him silently.

John goes in. The door closes behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN UPPER WALKWAY OF THE LINER . LATE AFTERNOON

Georgia walks unhurried along the walkway. She's deciding something, looking far out over the water into the setting sun. By habit, she ascends the stairway to her and John's stateroom.

At the top she stops at the sight of the shattered glass door. As she stands there looking at it, AMY STEPS THROUGH. They stand, looking at each other. Amy doesn't gloat. She just looks at her evenly. Things are what they are.

Georgia tries to return her gaze but can't hold it. She looks down. Amy brushes by her and descends the stairs.

Once she is gone. Georgia steps into the stateroom. John is standing in a robe. They, too, meet in a stare. Then he turns and walks away into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- EVENING

Ryan is sitting in their small room, scanning through an Italian paper. He breezes through the pages, looking for some mention of the events in Venice. He isn't finding anything, and that's far from reassuring.

Amy quietly comes in. She smiles at him, testing.

AMY

Hey.

Ryan doesn't say anything. He keeps leafing through the paper. About to burst, not sure why.

AMY (cont'd)

What? I don't like tan-lines.

She reaches into the shower and turns it on. She climbs in and strips off her suit, tossing it over the edge. It lands on the paper Ryan's reading.

RYAN

You understand, don't you, these people if it's just laid out there for the taking. You could --

The water is turned off in the shower. The silent dripping seems LOUD.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN (cont'd)

I'm just saying you could try maybe
acting a little bit at their level
because --

Amy slides the shower door back, walks into the room. No
modesty. We don't see what Ryan can.

AMY

At their level?

RYAN

I just think .

AMY

You know, this doesn't work if you get
jealous, baby.

RYAN

Don't be stupid.

Ryan turns away. Amy comes up behind him, puts her arms
around him. Her lips right next to his ear.

AMY

Alright then.

Ryan pulls away. He can't put a finger on what's bothering
him.

RYAN

That guy, John. She said he was ... I
don't know. It might get weird.

Amy grabs him again. Nibbles his ear.

AMY

Good. I could use a little weird. Want to
get weird with me, baby?

Ryan pushes away from her. Amy's anger FLARES.

AMY (cont'd)

Jesus ...

RYAN

You know, you have to do better than fuck
this guy. He expects that. Just giving it
away isn't gonna do the trick this time.

Amy's turning COLD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY

So we keep it simple this time. Just get to know them, wait till we're in a port, then grab what we can get and disappear. Nothing complicated.

RYAN

Oh that's brilliant. You know, you can't just

AMY

I can't WHAT? This isn't me, baby. This is you. It's like you're scared of something and I don't know what it is...

That's it. Ryan's had enough. He starts throwing his stuff in a bag.

RYAN

Fuck this.

AMY

Alright. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It just seems like something's ... I don't know. What's going on, baby?

Ryan starts towards the door.

AMY (cont'd)

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

Ryan blows through the door, slamming it behind him. Amy angrily wipes her tears away.

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEIR CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ryan breathes hard on the other side of the door. Then he starts his way down the corridor. He passes a room-service cart. Pauses. Then kicks the shit out of it.

IN THE CABIN

Amy hears the noise through the door. Each sound hits her like a blow. Then, silence.

EXT. THE RAILING OF THE SHIP -- NIGHT

Ryan, his bag at his feet, looks down at the frothing water where the bow breaks the dark water.

RYAN (V.O.)

It's the appetite that makes us do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan STARES at the water, hard. He's making a decision.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd) (cont'd)
Just doing the next thing, feeding the
hunger.

Ryan leans out over the water.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd) (cont'd)
That's what it is. with her. With me.
Appetite. You just have to have more. I
know she does. Maybe I do, too.

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Amy is sitting curled on the bed when there's a KNOCK on the door. She runs to it, relieved. Opens it with her best smile.

AMY
I knew you'd ...

Who she sees on the other side IS NOT Ryan. In that split second, her world comes crashing down and she builds it back up just as fast.

AMY (cont'd)
I knew you'd come ...

IN THE DOORWAY

John SMILES. He's brought a bottle of Scotch, wrapped with a bow.

JOHN
Yes. Here I am. Drawn to the Siren's
call.

He puts a finger on her nose. She tries to smile. He pushes the finger into her mouth.

RYAN (V.O.)
But it isn't really the same with us. For
me, I think it's about winning. For her,
it's just about taking it as far as she
can.

A flash of fear across her face, and then she closes her lips around John's finger. He pushes her into the room. She lets him. The door closes behind them.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd) (cont'd)
It's about always taking it one step...
higher.

IN THE CABIN

Amy pulls away from him. The sheet she's had wrapped around her slides away. John moves forward, smiles.

THE CORRIDORS OF THE SHIP -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan is MOVING FAST through the corridors. Taking stairs four at a time, winding his way through the ship.

IN THE CABIN

John bends close to her. Their lips almost touching. She closes her eyes for the kiss ... which does not come.

John bends down, picks up the sheet. He starts to twist it into a rope.

JOHN

Call me old fashioned.

He ties a gentle knot around her wrist with the sheet. Then he CINCHES it hard.

JOHN (cont'd)

But let's try something ... a little different.

He's looking into her eyes, waiting for permission. Her gaze softens and then goes away.

AMY

(barely audible)

Okay ...

THE CORRIDORS OF THE SHIP -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan clears the last twist and turn. His and Amy's cabin is dead ahead. He runs towards it.

RYAN (V.O.)

And of course there's our little motto ...

He reaches their cabin door. But instead of bursting through it, something makes him STOP. He approaches it carefully, leans his forehead against it.

SOUNDS FROM INSIDE. Not love-making. Ryan closes his eyes and everything goes BLACK.

The sound is clearer now. A man crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN'S VOICE
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry ...

RYAN (V.O.)
Nobody gets hurt.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST-CLASS PROMENADE OF THE LINER -- EARLY MORNING

The sky is just starting to show deep blue, the first traces of morning. Ryan sleeps in one of the deck chairs. Rumped, cold, uncomfortable. He's having a bad dream.

Suddenly, he STARTS awake.

RYAN
Jesus.

There, sitting across from him, is Georgia, wrapped in a warm coat. She smiles at him.

RYAN (cont'd)
What are you doing here?

GEORGIA
I could ask you the same thing.

RYAN
I like it out here.

She looks at him, intensely, trying to make some decision herself.

GEORGIA
I was just like you, once. Somehow I knew -- I ~ that I wasn't going to be like everyone else. I was going to be ... rich. I thought maybe I'd become a doctor, or ... something. But I had something else -- something you have, Mr. Everest. People would kill, maim, or steal to ... fuck me. And I, just like you, couldn't say no to all that was being offered, just for ... letting them.

RYAN
That's not me.

GEORGIA
Isn't it? Come on ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks a few paces away and stops. Slowly, Ryan gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM - EARLY MORNING

In the faint light of morning, the stateroom looks endless. Ryan wanders slowly through it, amazed.

GEORGIA

John's company is a major stock-holder of the cruise line. This is... a perk.

Ryan takes it in, his eyes cataloging the wealth as they move from a silver beaker, to gold-plated pens on the desk. As Georgia goes to the bar, she pulls her earrings off and tosses them in a drawer. She pours herself the first drink of the day. Her hand shakes a little. Ryan notices this as well.

RYAN

Where is he?

GEORGIA

Don't you know?

For a brief moment, a flicker of pain in her eyes.

RYAN

I'm sorry.

He moves towards her but she steps away, shaking her head.

GEORGIA

Don't be. It's part of the price. For all this. For letting him.

She indicates the sumptuous suite they're in. Her gesture stopping on a large PAINTING hanging on the wall. It's the portrait of Georgia from the party at the Florence villa. Ryan stares at it. The eyes are so sad.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

I knew what I was doing.

RYAN

So why am I here?

Georgia laughs lightly to herself.

GEORGIA

Now that I don't know... He'd kill you if he found out. He'd kill me, too.

(CONTINUED)

She comes up behind him, stares at the 'Narkof art on the wall.

GEORGIA (cont'd)
What are you thinking?

RYAN
If he's with her, then you can divorce him, get half --

Georgia laughs again, but it's a bitter laugh.

GEORGIA
You really don't know anything about it, do you? The truly rich, don't have to play fair. But I'm not complaining. I mean, look around you.

RYAN
It's like a prison.

Georgia sits on one of the exquisite loveseats, runs her hands over it.

GEORGIA
It's nothing like that, let me assure you.

Georgia tosses him a book. He catches it. It's John Donne's poetry. Georgia settles into one of the large sofas with her drink. She kicks off her shoes and tucks her feet under her.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)
Read some. At the bookmark.

RYAN
Georgia ...

GEORGIA
Come on, Mr. Everest. I'm quite sure you can "make love," as you say. But can you read Donne? That's what I want to know.

Ryan starts to object. Then he stops and opens the book. He begins to read.

RYAN
Death be not proud, though some have ...

He stops, surprised.

RYAN (cont'd)
I know this.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIA

Yes, most people do. Do you know the rest
of it?

Ryan starts again. Reading well.

RYAN

Death be not proud, though some have ...
called thee / Mighty and dreadful, for,
thou art not soe,

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Very close, hands untie the sheets that have been knotted
around Amy's wrist.

RYAN (V.O.)

For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow, / Die not, poore death, ...

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia sips her drink, closes her eyes and listens.

RYAN

...nor yet canst thou kill mee;
From rest and sleepe, which but thy
pictures bee,

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Sheets are gently pulled over bare skin, raised with light
red slashes. No blood.

RYAN (V.O.)

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more
must flow,

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia falls asleep on the couch. The drink lies next to her
on the carpet. She looks small, curled in a ball.

RYAN (V.O.)

And soonest our best men with thee doe
goe,

INT. RYAN AND MLY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Amy rises from the bed where the sleeping form of John lies.
She stands in front of the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTn:UED:

We can't see what she sees. She puts a hand out to touch the glass. There's a red mark where the sheets have bound her wrist.

RYAN (V.O.)
rest of their bones, and soules
deli.verie.

Next to Amy, tossed on the counter, the thick roll of cash John carries. Amy rests her hand on it.

INT. GEORGIA AND GREGORY'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Georgia sleeps, peacefully listening.

RYAN
Thou art slave to Fate, chance, kings,
and desperate men, ...

Ryan stops reading. He puts the book down and goes over to Georgia. He pulls a blanket around her and stares down at her, making sure she is really asleep.

He goes to the drawer she tossed her earrings in and opens it. Inside, there is more jewelry. Several necklaces, pearls. He takes this in, something bothering him. He feels carefully at the base of the drawer and pulls free a false bottom.

Underneath the several expensive necklaces, the real jewelry lies. Large diamonds broaches. Fine ruby studs. All together, probably worth \$100,000.

Georgia STIRS in her sleep. Swiftly and silently, Ryan lowers the false bottom and gently closes the drawer. Through the windows of the stateroom, the dark sea stretches around them.

AS he stares out at the water, his hands open the next drawer. He glances down.

The gun inside is new, a silver automatic .45, well kept. Silently, he slides the drawer closed again.

Georgia stirs slightly in her sleep as Ryan sits next to her, brushing her hair away from her face.

FADE TO:

AMY'S FACE

Peaceful, sleeping, breathing gently. 'I pull away into

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- MORNING

The place is TRASHED. The empty bottle of Scotch. The broken mirror. The bed thrown around like a storm hit the place.

Ryan sits on the bed next to Amy, watching her. So slowly, her eyes open.

AMY

Hey.

RYAN

What happened here?

Amy squints, tries to remember. She sits up a little, wrapping the sheet around her. Her eyes dart to where John's money sat last night. It's gone, with the rest of his things.

AMY

You were right ... it got weird.

RYAN

I want to ask you something.

AMY

Alright.

RYAN

If I said, let's just stop. Let's let these people go. Would you?

AMY

I can handle this, baby. This is just ...

RYAN

Would you?

She looks away from him.

AMY

(whisper)

There's more here. There's more than just enough for the next time. There's enough to really ... you know, be done. We could stop.

Ryan is still for a moment, then he starts to pick up the room. Piece by piece, methodical. When he has a decent pile built up, Amy LASHES out, scattering the stuff all over the room again.

AMY (cont'd)

Stop it.

(CONTINUED)

Ryan raises an object, as if to strike her. She STANDS her ground. It's a small tape recorder. He pushes PLAY. The sounds of last night in Georgia's suite come from the recorder.

RYAN ON THE TAPE

Why am I here?

GEORGIA ON THE TAPE

Now that I don't know... He'd kill you if he found out. He'd kill me, too.

Suddenly Amy's PLEASED. She claps and laughs.

AMY

Alright! Don't know why I doubted you, baby. Tell me all.

Ryan HURLS the recorder across the room where it explodes against the wall.

RYAN

It's BULLSHIT. We can't blackmail these people. He gets off on it. She's scared of him and I think you should be more careful because--

AMY

Oh God, what? Don't worry about me, baby, I got this guy wrapped up like a

In her excitement, Amy's has waved her arm in Ryan's face. He CATCHES it. The red mark around her wrist shows darkly.

RYAN

What's this?

AMY

Don't worry about it.

RYAN

STOP LYING TO ME!

Amy TURNS on him. He's really pissing her off.

AMY

You know what? It did get weird, baby. It got really weird.

She starts to let the sheet slide down a little. The edge of bruises on skin? We can't tell exactly.

(CONTINUED)

AMY (cont'd)
Weirder than you can imagine. But the
thing is...

This is how she gets him every time. She knows it. She let's
it hang.

AMY (cont'd)
The thing is... that's how I like it. I
might not even want the money, so long as
it can stay this weird. So what do you
think, baby?

RYAN
When I'm with her, I can't protect you --

AMY
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!

The silence between them is INTENSE.

AMY (cont'd)
Everything we've done before was nothing.
This is it. More money than we could ever
need. I can beat this guy. So you have to
let me. And then I'll be baCk... and
we'll have everything. Okay? OKAY?

Ryan starts to speak... and then KNOCK KNOCK. Someone's at
the door.

AMY (cont'd)
Who is it?

JOHN'S VOICE
It's me!

They both look over at the same time. The door's not locked
and the handle is TURNING.

Ryan DROPS AND ROLLS under the bed as Amy steps forward to
greet John as he opens the door. Staying with Ryan, we only
hear the following.

AMY
Hey! Where'd you go? I woke up and...

JOHN
Let me see you.

AMY
Not now, I --

(CONTINUED)

The sheet Amy 'Naswearing falls to the floor by Ryan':3 face.
John whistles, long and slow.

JOHN

God damn, I'm an evil man. But I can make
up for my sins. Put some clothes on,
you're moving up in the world.

AMY

Is that right?

Ryan risks a small peek up. He can only see John, sitting at
the small table in the room. He tosses the paper he has been
holding on the table and fishes in his pocket. Out comes a
room key. He dangles it from a finger, smiling.

JOHN

Titan Class, darling. I would have gotten
you Premier, but Georgia'd kill me.
(off her surprised silence)
Don't look so surprised! Where do you
think she thought I was last night?

AMY

I --

JOHN

Besides, Georgia has her own interests.
Which is something I want to talk to you
about.

Amy has finished dressing. John moves to the door.

JOHN (cont'd)

Coming?

AMY

I have to -- my stuff.

JOHN

You don't understand. Your life just
changed. And all this crap.
(indicating the room)
Doesn't mean anything anymore.

John smiles and opens the door. He bows like a groom inviting
his bride into the wedding chamber.

JOHN (cont'd)

So... are you coming?

Amy follows him through the door. It clicks softly behind
her. Ryan finally lets himself BREATHE.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN (V.O.)

I knew. I knew it right then. It was the last time I ever saw my Amy. I mean, I saw her again. But by then, she wasn't mine.

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE LINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Ryan walks through the corridors. Slowly, purposefully, thinking.

RYAN (V.O.)

For a moment, you think you can control it all.

INT. THE SHIP'S BAR - DAY

Ryan sits alone nursing a drink at the huge ship's bar. It's a dark-panneled wood job, made to seem like some smoky' lounge of yesteryear when pirates sipped martinis.

It's not his first drink of the night. Several empties sit in front of him.

RYAN (V.O.)

But you can't. Something's always bigger than you are.

Ryan finishes the drink. Stares at it, wondering if he should order another one.

JOHN (O.S.)

Fill you up?

Ryan looks up. John's sitting right next to him, wearing a white day-suit. He's not smiling his "everything's peachy" smile anymore. He fills Ryan's glass from a bottle the bartender hands him.

JOHN (cont'd)

I want to tell you something ..~out Georgia. Actually, I have to tell you two things about Georgia.

RYAN

Alright.

JOHN

The first is that I love her.

Ryan laughs to himself. John is straight-faced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (cont'd)

You think that's funny? I mean, look at me. I'm sitting here talking to you, right?

RYAN

You don't deserve

JOHN

You think you know what I deserve? You don't even know me. I'm an unknown. That's dangerous.

Ryan's a little too drunk, not sure where this is headed.

RYAN

Alright, captain. Tell me about yourself.

John pours himself a drink. Sips it. Then he LAUGHS, hard. Ryan laughs with him, really not knowing what the hell is going on.

JOHN

Oh, you know. I'm just a guy looking for a good time. Just like you. I'm like you.

He laughs again. Ryan's smiling the smile of someone who wants to be far away.

JOHN (cont'd)

And, you know, I like the games. That we play. Some of them. And I play them alright. These games. But if in the end, I lose her ... then I'll kill you.

Ryan's glass stops near his lips. He sets it back down. John's not laughing anymore.

JOHN (cont'd)

That's the second thing. What? That's not fu=y?

John reaches into his jacket and pulls out a check. He places it on the bar in front of Ryan. Whatever the sum is written on the check, it'S enough to stop Ryan short.

JOHN (cont'd)

How about this? How about you win? How about that'S my point? You're in it for the money, you get the money.

Ryan finally takes a sip. This is it. This is the way out. John strikes a match, lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN (cont'd)
Besides, how long do you think she'll
stay interested in you? Huh? And then
what will you have?

In Ryan's eyes, anger. John :-cnowhe's made a mistake.

JOHN (cont'd)
But no, take it. I'm a jerk. I'm just...

Ryan finishes his drink. Sets the empty glass down on the
check.

RYAN
Tell you what. You can pick up the
drinks.

John still has the book of matches in his hand. It has the
ship'S name on it, THE ODYSSEUS.

JOHN
You know who he was? Great Greek warrior.
Smart. He battles his way across the
ocean, through monsters and enemies.
Finally he gets home. But home's not the
same any longer. Home turns out to be
where his worst enemies are waiting for
him.

Through the windows of the bar, the port of Athens stretches
before them. The boat is pulling into harbor.

RYAN
What does he do?

JOHN
Well, it doesn't turn out well for them,
I promise you that.

John has gone fiercely cold. He tucks the check back in his
pocket, finishes his drink, and leaves the bar.

OUTSIDE

Tug boats are pulling up to the side of the giant liner,
guiding her into port. Already crowds are gathering to go
ashore.

Ryan leaves the bar and goes to the railing, looking down at
the ferries arriving to take people ashore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The huge anchors descend. The ferries pull alongside and the crowd climbs aboard. In his white suit, John stands out among them. On his arm, Georgia looks once again perfectly content.

Behind them, in the crowd, Amy looks up at him as she, too, boards the ferry.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY)

The drawer is thrown open. A drunk and pissed-off Ryan stares at the jewelry. He picks up a piece and holds it to the light. In the distance, the Greek coastline. Easy escape.

CUT TO:

INT. A FERRY TO THE MAINLAND -- CONTINUOUS

The ferry throbs through the low surf, approaching the shore. Amy is dressed in a brand new and beautiful light summer dress. She sits three seats in front of Georgia and John.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT FERRY -- AFTERNOON

Ryan sits by himself on a different ferry, also heading to the mainland. The Greek coast line grows larger as they head towards it.

A FLASH distracts Ryan. He looks over. Carol Day is smiling apologetically, her camera coming down from where she has taken his picture. He smiles uneasily at her. She waves, hopeful.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUS FROM THE PORT TO ATHENS PROPER -- AFTERNOON

Georgia and John ride together. Several rows behind them, Amy sits, staring out the window. Georgia looks back behind them, for a moment, she and Amy share a look.

JOHN

Just say it, Georgia.

GEORGIA

Say what?

John, exasperated, looks away.

EXT. THE PORT -- AFTERNOON

Ryan gets off a ferry. He quickly flags down a taxi and climbs in. His driver is a gruff Greek 'lha simply stares at him.

FROM OUTSIDE TEE TAXI

We silently see Ryan give the driver instruction. The driver shrugs and pulls the car into traffic.

EXT. FAR ABOVE ATHENS -- AFTERNOON

The rickety bus carrying John, Georgia, and Amy, weaves its way up the hill towards THE ACROPOLIS which towers majestically above the modern city.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ACROPOLIS IN ATHENS - AFTERNOON

Sun sweeps across this high plateau. Tourists move in small groups, dwarfed by the ancient structures. The sun is low in the sky, making the buildings of Athens glow. Most people are leaving, it's near closing time.

John and Georgia stand in front of the Parthenon. But they're not gazing up at the structure. They're looking straight ahead.

THROUGH THE PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON

Amy walks, taking it all in. She wanders through the huge stone structure, oblivious to others. They can glimpse her through the columns.

She turns away, towards the museum. Tourists are filing out.

AT THE GATES OF THE MUSEUM

A Greek GUARD oversees the exodus. Amy starts to push past him, into the museum. He stops her with a hand on her shoulder.

GREEK GUARD
(in Greek)
Closing, ma'am.

AMY
I promise, I won't tell.

She smiles up at him, flirting kindly, not turning on the sex too much. He smiles back. He lifts his hand and she slips in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN FRONT OF THE PARTHENON

Both Georgia and John have watched her go. They look silently at the entrance to the museum she disappeared ir.~o.

GEORGIA

...so?

John hesitates. Then, without replying, he follows Amy. Georgia looks back up at the Parthenon.

INT. THE MUSEUM ON THE ACROPOLIS -- CONTINUOUS

Amy wanders through the now deserted halls. She stops in front of an elaborate tomb, her back to the entrance to the museum.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

John is face to face with the same guard. They smile at each other. Then John reaches into his jacket and brings out his wallet.

EXT. THE PORCH OF CARYATIDES -- CONTINUOUS

Georgia weaves her way through the giant columns, carved in the shape of warrior women. They support the roof to this structure. They look powerful, stern, guarding the structure. She pauses briefly at each. She hears something, looks over.

INT. THE MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

John has entered the room which Amy was in but she's gone. He moves further into the museum, passing cases of ancient carvings. He enters a smaller, darker room.

In front of him, Amy stands with her back to him, in front of the giant sculpture of Athena Nike who used to grace the front of the Acropolis. NOW, behind glass, she looks giant, wise, and patient. Amy leans against the glass, looking up into the sculpture's eyes.

Hands come around her waist and undo the sash of her dress. They pull it free. Amy stares straight ahead.

EXT. THE PORCH OF CARYATIDES CONTINUOUS

Georgia is looking up at one of the giant woman pillars.

GEORGIA

They were the Caryatides. They protected Athena, did her bidding. More warriors than women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan is standing at the top of the stairs to the porch. If Georgia is surprised he's there, she doesn't show it.

RYAN
Couldn't Athena take care of herself?

GEORGIA
I suppose she could ...

INT. THE MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

Amy still stares up at the statue, through the glass. John's hands rise to her neck. They begin to wrap her sash around her throat.

GEORGIA (V.O.)
But she was also a lover, and the
protector of the city.

INT. THE PORCH OF THE CARYATIDES -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan is close to Georgia now. She carefully takes his hand as they look up at the statues. He glances over, but her gaze stays locked above.

GEORGIA
I should stop talking.

RYAN
No, I like listening to you.

GEORGIA
Down there, beyond the walls, is the
Theatre of Dionysus. Bacchus.
The alternative.
The Greeks would come here to be reminded
of their gods, of immortality.

INT. THE MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

John and Amy are fucking. Pressed against the glass, her sash tied tightly around her neck. They hardly move. It's impossibly erotic.

GEORGIA (V.O.)
And then they would go down to the
theatre, to be reminded of their
humanness. Their flesh.

From far above Amy and John, gazing down through the glass wall, Athena looks stern and ferocious.

EXT. THE PORCH OF CARYATIDES -- CONTINUOUS

The sun dies behind the hills and now only a red sky lights Ryan and Georgia together overlooking it all. Carefully, gently, she takes her hand back from him. She moves a little ways away.

GEORGIA

I'm not interested in falling in love,
Mr. Everest.

She disappears behind one of the columns. Suddenly, Ryan's lost track of her.

RYAN

You know yourself that well?

GEORGIA'S VOICE

I do.

RYAN

Alright. What are you interested in?

Ryan is straining to see where she is when she appears behind him. For a moment, she just watches him from behind. Then a slightly girlish smile breaks forth.

GEORGIA

Food.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MUSEUM ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER (EARLY EVENING)

John climbs the steps, out of the museum, into the dying light. He's flushed, unsteady. He searches the grounds for any sign of Georgia, but she's gone.

Behind him, Amy comes up the steps from the museum. She looks radiant.

AMY

Hey. I'm starved.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESTAURANT ON THE WATER -- NIGHT

An elegant restaurant overlooking the bay. The lights of the giant liner shine in the distance.

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

We weave through well-dressed patrons, many from the boat, through slow-moving dancers on the dance floor shuffling along to the semi-authentic Greek music from the semi-authentic band on-stage

At a table overlooking the water, Ryan and Georgia. She smokes, looks out over the water at the ship in the distance. Then she looks at him.

GEORGIA

What are you thinking?

RYAN

Can people start again?

GEORGIA

I'm not sure I know what you mean, Mr. Everest.

RYAN

You don't know me.

(As she starts to reply)

Trust me. You don't.

GEORGIA

Alright ... *Who* are you?

RYAN

I was born in Chicago. My father was the manager of a building for very rich people. He hated them. But I didn't.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. A SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - 1978

A kind-looking RYAN'S FATHER is admitted to an expansive set of suites by a bored-and-drunk debutante wife with a drink in her hand. She lives in her robe.

As he enters, he guides YOUNG RYAN, 7 years old, by the hand. They are led into a glistening kitchen, which is currently flooding from water pouring out of the dishwasher.

RYAN (V.O.)

I was born ... next to money. It was everything I knew. But nothing I had.

Ryan's father immediately sloshes forward through the water and gets to work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Young Ryan stays at the edge of the water, not letting it touch his feet. He looks over at the debutante who's smoking and looking out over the city at night.

RYAN (V.O.cont'd) (cont'd)
And I wanted it.

She feels his gaze, looks down at the boy, smiles sadly.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Georgia watches Ryan telling the story, interested because something sounds DIFFERENT. It's the sound of someone telling the truth.

RYAN
So you got me the first day. \<!He trash.
Just dressed up nice.

GEORGIA
How'd you get dressed up nice?

He hesitates a moment, not sure if he can do this, then...

RYAN
That was easy.

FLASHBACK - INT. THE SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - 1989

The front door to the same apartment in the same building. Ryan, now 18, stands in front of the door, wearing his father's tool-bag.

The same debutante wife, now slightly aged, opens the door in the same robe. She leads him to the same kitchen. Where absolutely NOTHING is wrong.

RYAN (V.O.)
The thing about the rich, they were all
drawn to what I was. I think it made
them feel .

Teenage Ryan's face knows what's happening. He looks down at the utterly clean floor while behind him, the debutante appears in the doorway, holding two drinks.

RYAN (V. O. cont'd) (cont'd)
Still alive, I guess.

Slowly, sure of himself now, he puts down the tool-bag on the shiny floor.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Georgia are locked in a stare, oblivious now to anything else.

GEORGIA

What about the girl? The one who burned up?

FLASHBACK - INT. THE SWANK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan has keys to the place now. He lets himself in, tosses the keys on the bar as he goes to pour himself a drink. He looks around the apartment with a slight painful disgust.

Then he stops. Everything cold and angry in his face melts away.

In the doorway to the guest room, wearing the lower half of a prep-school girl's uniform and a bra, Amy is staring at him. Behind her, on the bed, a suitcase is half unpacked.

She smiles at him. He smiles at her. It's love at first sight.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Ryan is truly lost in the memory. Then he breaks out of it.

RYAN

Like I said, she burnt up...

Silence between them. The band starts another song, a slow song, melodic and haunting.

GEORGIA

I'm... frightened of this.

RYAN

Yes.

The silence has now become electric. Neither of them knows 1, 'lHERE this is headed.

JOHN (O.S.)

Well fuck me, what amazing luck.

John and Amy stand at the entrance to their seating area. John blows by a surprised hostess and comes to their table.

JOHN (cont'd)

Mind if we join you, darling?

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Actually ...

JOHN

It's a rhetorical question, Ryan. I mean, I'm not very well going to sit apart from my wife, my one-and-only, now am I?

Amy has approached a little, but still stands a little ways off.

JOHN (cont'd)

Where the fuck are my manners? Mr. Everest, Georgia. This is Amy True. She lost her Girl Scout's troupe and I told her I'd help her find it. Between you and me, I think she's lying.

Amy comes up to the table, a little awkward but not going to back out.

RYAN

Hello.

AMY

Hi.

(to Georgia)

That's a beautiful necklace.

GEORGIA

Thank you.

Waiters scurry to bring more chairs to the table. Suddenly, all four are seated and John is ordering wine from the Head Waiter.

Ryan and Amy STARE, for a second. Then he looks away.

JOHN

Amy was just telling me the most amazing story. It seems that she was robbed, in Florence, by a young man -- took a necklace from her. I mean, she thought he was just, you know, a handsome playboy. But it turns out it was a con. He was just some cheap shyster. Can you fucking believe this world?

RYAN

Were you hurt?

AMY

No. He just wanted the money.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN
That's good.

JOHN
Well of course that's good.

RYAN
Georgia, would you like to dance?

JOHN
No -- see, I really think that "Mrs. Taylor" is better. Just like you can call me "Mr. Taylor." Weird, I know, but --

GEORGIA
John ... stop.

JOHN
Well, it's true. I know! What about a dance between the kids. You know, one for the grown-ups. Waddya say, kids?

GEORGIA
John, it's too late. It's not just a game anymore.

JOHN
Be quiet, Georgia. It's my turn.

For a moment, Ryan might take a swing at John. Then he LETS IT GO and offers his hand to Amy.

RYAN
Miss ...?

Amy puts her hand up and Ryan takes it. As she's about to rise, John pulls her back to him and 'NHISPERS FAST in her ear. Amy just listens. Ryan looks to Georgia for some reaction, but she's utterly closed.

Amy stands and they walk together onto the dance floor.

RYAN (cont'd)
(under his breath)
What did he say to you?

They start to dance. It's a fairly sexy tune, a medium-speed lilting melody. They dance well together. It's another thing they're good at.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

He said he'd give me a thousand dollars
if I could make you kiss me by the end of
the dance.

Ryan is looking back to the table where John and Georgia are
speaking as they watch the two of them on the dance floor.

AMY (cont'd)

So ...?

They have come in at the end of the song. Suddenly, the
lights turn down low and the dance floor goes all BLUE. A
smoky, sensual song starts to purr out of the band.

Amy melts into his body. She rests her head on his chest,
closes her eyes. For the first time in so long, relaxes.

ALLY (CaNT' D)

I've missed you, baby.

They dance, close. Each time they turn, Ryan catches glimpses
of Georgia and John, watching. Amy's eyes are closed.

BACK AT THE TABLE

John and Georgia sit next to each other, watching the younger
couple dance.

JOHN

They look good, dontcha think?

GEORGIA

You're making a mistake.

JOHN

Won't be the first time, right? I mean,
come on, toots. It's not like --

Georgia is stone-faced as she rises. She turns to him, COLD.
Whatever was the basis for what they have, the rules have
just been broken.

GEORGIA

No, you've made a terrible mistake.

BACK ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Other dances obscure Ryan's view back to the table. Amy is
still pressed against his chest, eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

AMY
(whispering)
You were right. He's rich ... rich like
we've never known, baby.

RYAN
(whispering fast)
But he WANTS her to know. He just wants
to hurt her.

Ryan glances again back to the table, he can't see either of
them. It's starting to worry him.

AMY
Do you love her?

RYAN
(distracted)
What?

He lookS into her face -- too late, whatever Amy was fearing,
she sees in his face. Her eyes go narrow. Her heart breaks.

RYAN (CONT'D)
No ... it's just business.

She moves in really close, presses against him. Her grip is
hard, almost cruel.

AMY
That's good. I'm glad. Because I'm going
to take him ... and then you're ...

Her lips gently kiss his ear.

AMY (cont'd)
...you're going to kill him.

Ryan almost drops her. He stops dancing.

AMY (cont'd)
Keep dancing, baby. Always keep dancing.

RYAN
I don't

AMY
You did it in Venice.

RYAN
That was different, I was --

(CONTINUED)

AMY

You were what? Protecting me?

In the dim light, Amy's hand carefully lets the strap of her dress slide off the shoulder turned away from Georgia and John.

On her perfect skin, a deep bruise.

AMY (cont'd)

So ... protect me.

The song has ended, the lights are going to black as the last note dies. Just as they do, Amy turns. In the last bit of light before darkness, Ryan sees BRUISES and LASHES all across her back.

Black. The sound of applause.

When the lights rise again, Amy's dress is covering the marks. She smiles at him, triumphant in the gesture, but frightened at where she's going. She laughs nervously.

AMY (cont'd)

Are you scared? I am. A little.

Ryan doesn't think, he grabs her arm and kisses her. Not a passionate deep kiss. A gentle, purposeful, kiss. When it's over, it's not clear if we've witnessed an agreement or a farewell.

RYAN

Be careful.

AMY

No. I can't do that. So protect me.

From the table in the corner, applause. John is clapping. Ryan and Amy make their way through the crowd back to the table. When they get there, Georgia's seat is empty.

John seems nervous, sweating, off kilter.

JOHN

God damn! You two look like you were made to be together.

Ryan is close to hauling John out of his chair. Close to giving back to this guy everything he's giving to Amy.

RYAN

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Georgia? She left. Can't imagine why she'd want to miss all this fun. But she's, you know, particular that way.

RYAN

Dammit ...

Ryan starts to collect his coat off the back of the chair.

AMY

Thank you for the dance.

Ryan stares down at Amy, trying to somehow see how those bruises could be made to disappear behind her small dress. She averts her eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're staring, Mr. Everest.

RYAN

I'm sorry.

Ryan turns and walks out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Ryan rushes out into the night. Way down by the pier where the shuttles leave back to the boat, he can make out Georgia, already boarding a boat. He takes off after her.

RYAN

Georgia!

AT THE PIER

Ryan reaches the pier too late. Georgia is standing at the back of a shuttle as it pulls away from the pier. She stares back at him as the boat disappears into the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. ON A SHUTTLE-BOAT -- LATER (LATE NIGHT)

Ryan sits across from John and Amy on the last shuttle back to the Liner. Several other drunken guests are strewn about.

Amy leans into John, sleepy and sensuous. His fingers absentmindedly play across her neck. Ryan's eyes follow them, riveted to the edges of her dress.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Do you believe in self defense. Mr. Everest? You could kill a man, in self defense, couldn't you?

John and Ryan's gaze locks.

RYAN

I suppose so.

AMY

What about to defend someone you love? Is that different?

RYAN

I suppose not.

Amy rises and weaves over to him. She punches him playfully in the arm.

AMY

That's the stuff, Mr. Everest. You're the real thing.

Amy turns and weaves her way to the front of the boat. She stands at the prow, feeling the wind's slap on her face.

BACK INSIDE THE BOAT

John lights a cigarette, offers one to Ryan who takes it, cautiously.

JOHN

Nothing seems to be working out for us, young Everest.

RYAN

You seem to be doing alright.

JOHN

What, her? That's just ... candy. A bad habit. It's not important.

Ryan looks out at Amy who's leaning into the wind at the front of the boat.

JOHN (cont'd)

Do you mind if I ask you a fairly personal question?

RYAN

Shoot.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

What do you expect to get from Georgia?
Money? She doesn't have any, it's all
mine. Class? You can't get that just by--

RYAN

Maybe we'll kill you.

John leans back, considers the words.

JOHN

Yes, I suppose that might do the trick.
I'll tell you what, though. Do me a
favor. It's not so much that I mind the
idea of you shooting me in the back. \~at
bothers me is the idea you might go off
half-cocked. Might do the job before you
really knew if that was the plan. So just
make sure you really know -- I mean
REALLY know what Georgia wants. Because I
don't relish the idea of dying as a
mistake, you understand?

From out of the darkness, the shape of the liner emerges. The
boat pulls up at a portal low in her side. John gets up to
leave.

RYAN

Where are you going now?

JOHN

Well, home all of a sudden sounds ...
dangerous. And there'S still the candy.

Amy has come back from the bow. She slides in under John's
arm. When he isn't looking, she looks back at Ryan. It's a
serious look. An accusation. He looks back, stone-faced.

Together, John and Amy weave their way up the ramp and into
the ship. Finally, Ryan follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan reaches the repaired glass doors to the stateroom.
They're open. Inside, darkness.

RYAN

Georgia?

He steps inside.

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Inside, all the lights are out. He can only make out Georgia from the glow of her cigarette. She stubs it out and now only moonlight bathes the room. She walks to the bar and pours herself a drink.

GEORGIA

John almost always drinks Tanqueray. But he seems to have changed.

RYAN

It wasn't what you think.

GEORGIA

How's your memory, Mr. Everest?

She unclips her necklace and opens the drawer where she keeps her jewelry. She stops, staring inside.

RYAN

He bet her a thousand dollars if she could make me kiss her in one dance.

She tosses the jewelry in and faces him.

GEORGIA

What do you see in front of you?

RYAN

I didn't want him to win.

Georgia sits on the sofa.

GEORGIA

No, tell me what you see.

RYAN

It didn't mean anything.

Ryan has kneeled in front of Georgia. Now he reaches out and touches her face. It's like a shock to her. Fear in her face.

GEORGIA

Tell me.

RYAN

I... I see a woman, who's terrified. But there's no reason. All he has is this.

(motioning to the room)

He doesn't own you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches forward and pulls his shirt over his head. He does have an incredible torso. She traces his chest with a finger.

GEORGIA

You are ... perfect. Aren't you?

He starts to kiss her neck. She pushes him back.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

Tell me what you see.

RYAN

I see a woman who needs

GEORGIA

No. Tell me what you see.

He hesitates and then touches her gently.

RYAN

This is ... silk. It's dark red. It has three pearl buttons. Three. Two. One ...

GEORGIA

Are you ready for this, Mr. Everest?

RYAN

Yes.

He pulls the nightshirt away, ready for what he may see. Her body is beautiful, pure, and without a single blemish.

RYAN (cont'd)

...beautiful.

GEORGIA

What do you hear?

RYAN

The band in the ballroom. They're finishing.

Ryan kisses her neck, lower.

GEORGIA

What if he comes back?

Ryan looks up into her face, her closed eyes, searching for the effect his words will have.

RYAN '

Then we'll just kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She accepts the words without reaction. He kisses her again, they fall into each other.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Ryan and Georgia making love on the sofa.

Ryan lying under a thin blanket, looking out at the water as Georgia makes a drink at the bar. She hands it to him. They kiss again.

Now in bed, they make love again.

Georgia asleep next to Ryan. He studies her face. Her eyes open, just barely, she meets his stare.

GEORGIA
Remember this.

Her eyes close and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT SUITE ON THE BOAT -- NIGHT

The sensuous stateroom that John has set up for Amy. It's less of a living space, more of an extended plush bedroom. More gaudy than elegant. A love nest.

John goes to the bar, pours himself a drink. He looks tired and slightly mean. Behind him, Amy rolls on the giant bed.

AMY
What's it gonna be tonight?

John reaches into his coat pocket. He takes out a small plastic bag with several small white pills in it. He holds it up to her.

AMY (cont'd)
ooooooo. Drugs. You go first.

JOHN
No, these are just for you.

This stops Amy for a second. She sits up.

AMY
What are they?

JOHN
For me to know, and for you to find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets up off the bed. Goes to him and PUSHES him up against the wall. It's violent, unexpected. She grabs the bag out of his hand.

AMY
will I like it?

JOHN
I think so.

Amy turns away from him. There's real concern in her eyes. This takes it beyond her control.

JOHN (cont'd)
Do you trust me?

Amy turns to him. Any hesitation is gone. Slowly, she sticks out her tongue and John takes the bag, lays one of the white pills on her tongue. She swallows it.

AMY
We'll see, won't we?

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan and Georgia sleep n~xt to each other. Ryan sleeps restlessly.

FLASHBACK -- THE GONDOLA IN VENICE

Amy, lit up, making love to Ryan.

FLASHBACK -- THE PONTE VECCHIO IN FLORENCE

Amy, falling from the bridge. Ryan, catching her...

And missing her! She falls, silently screaming towards the water below.

INT. GEORGIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan's eyes shoot open from the nightmare. His breathing is frantic. In front of him, gently sleeping, Georgia looks like a vision of peace. He rolls away from her, still spooked by the dream.

Amy is right there, in the room! She kneels, her face inches from his now. This is not a dream. She puts a finger to his lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY
Shhhhhhhh ...

Whatever the drug is, it has her both far away emotionally yet fiercely present in body. She laughs lightly.

AMY (cont'd)
(whispering)
Hey, baby.

Ryan's eyes are going a mile a minute. What the hell is going on? He's looking around wildly when something across the room locks his gaze.

Sitting casually in a chair at the foot of the bed, is John. He smiles at Ryan. It's a dangerous smile. In the hand resting in his lap, the silver automatic pistol. His finger tap nervously on the grip.

Next to Ryan, Georgia stirs. Amy looks over to her. Ryan glances over quickly and by the time he glances back, Amy has climbed on top of him. She's wearing nothing but her camisole.

Georgia stirs from the motion, but stays asleep. Amy looks down at Ryan.

THE FOLLOWING HAPPENS IN ABSOLUTE SILENCE:

Ryan puts his hand out to stop Amy from lowering herself onto him.

She pulls his hand down to her camisole. As the fabric pulls aside, the marks become visible. She pulls the camisole off. Her body is crisscrossed with delicate welts.

In his chair, John looks almost ashamed. He tries to laugh, but looks down instead, shaking his head.

Amy tries to kiss Ryan. He stops her. She mouths the word "Please." There is fear in her eyes, which dart towards John.

Ryan is stock still. He doesn't know WHAT to do.

Amy lowers herself towards him again. He lets her. They kiss. They begin to make love.

Reflected in John's corneas, the two bodies silently moving next to the sleeping form of Georgia.

Next to them, Georgia's face, turned away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then Georgia's eyes open. More slowly than eyes can open. She's awake. She's been awake all along. Staring straight ahead, she listens.

FADE TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM OF THE TAYLOR'S STATEROOM - LATE MORNING

Ryan opens his eyes onto an empty bed. Last night seems impossible. On the pillow next to him, a note.

Ryan grabs it and reads it as he pulls on his clothes: "Dear Mr. Everest, thank you for the fucking." but the "fucking" is crossed out and "making love" has been added.

He slips the note in a pocket. Outside, the sound of a helicopter catches his attention. What's a helicopter doing out in the middle of the Mediterranean?

Ryan goes to the window and peers out.

EXT. THE HELIPAD OF THE SHIP -- CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is just touching down. Gawkers crowd around the rails, wondering who's on board.

Two men disembark. Their faces look... familiar.

FLASHBACK -- IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL IN FLORENCE NIGHT

The two men who guarded the hotel, waiting for Ryan and Amy to show up. The same men who are climbing off this helicopter now. The first, WIDE GUY, is all muscle. The second, DEADPAN, is all business.

EXT. ON THE HELICOPTER PLATFORM -- CONTINUOUS (MORNING)

The two hit men descend from the helicopter pad to a platform below. They each carry small suitcases. Just large enough for a weapon and maybe a change of underwear.

Behind them, a third man descends from the helicopter. He's dressed better. As the hit men continue on into the ship, this third man straightens his tie, and smiles as...

John Taylor walks up and greets him! They embrace in a affectionate hug. Old friends.

JOHN

Thanks for coming.

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM CONTINUOUS

In the window, Ryan is petrified. He can't believe what he's seeing. He jerks away from the window, pressing his back to the wall. The whole room looks suddenly suspicious. Ryan struggles to keep it together as he drops into SOLVING THE PROBLEM mode.

He scans the room for a second, then starts quickly moving from likely hiding place to likely hiding place. Each disturbed thing is replaced exactly as it was.

He's moving FAST. Searching each drawer, every cabinet, under every cushion or piece of furniture. And then suddenly, under the sideboard, a leather case slides into Ryan's hands.

He unfastens the buckle as the distinct sound of someone climbing the exterior stairs to the stateroom reaches him.

Ryan's fingers fly. The case opens, several documents slide into his hand and a few photographs.

Someone's at the door to the stateroom, a key is sliding into the lock. Ryan leafs through, stops when he gets to the first photograph. A bewildered sad SMILE inadvertently coming across his face.

The door is sliding open.

There, in Ryan's hands: Two photographs, both taken on the boat. One of Ryan and one of Amy. There's no time left. The door is opening.

Georgia is in the doo~Nay, looking strangely radiant. She smiles.

In the stateroom, Ryan is sitting on the love-seat, holding the John Donne book. He looks up, innocent.

GEORGIA
You're still here ...

She goes to him and kisses him. She seems like a young girl. Happy.

GEORGIA (cont'd)
Breakfast?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OUTDOOR BREAKFAST LOUNGE OF THE SHIP -- LATE MORNING

This is a glass-ceilinged deck at the top level of the ship. Guests in robes and slippers sip mimosas.

Georgia sips one as well. She wears sunglasses against the morning light. It's a perfect day, the ocean stretching away into the distance. Whatever bottle Georgia has been living in, she's been released.

GEORGIA

It's beautiful today, isn't it? So much ... possibility. I don't know I've felt like this in... well, it's been some time.

In stark contrast to Georgia's joy, Ryan is barely concealing his growing paranoia. Whenever Georgia looks away, he scans the deck for threats. His cool is definitely cracking.

RYAN

Tell me about his money.

Ryan becomes lock still as across the deck, wide Guy and Deadpan come in and take seats. They stare through dark sunglasses, barely disguising their threat.

GEORGIA

That's what's interesting, isn't it? That for so long I have lived in fear of losing that -- losing money, comfort. And today -- the first day when it is very likely that I have lost it -- I feel absolutely calm.

RYAN

You haven't done anything he hasn't.

GEORGIA

There you go again. PROVE it. Did you know someone was in the room last night? I woke up, I could tell. There are probably pictures by now. If it's what he wants, he'll take everything.

She laughs at the thought of this. Across the deck, a waiter arrives to serve the hit men. They motion him away. Ryan doesn't even try to disguise the fact that his attention is riveted on them.

RYAN

You still haven't told me where the money's from.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

I wonder if he'll leave me, or maybe this
is what he wanted all along. For me to
live in fear. I wonder if you'll leave
me.

This brings Ryan back to her. He's got to keep it all under
control.

RYAN

I'm not going anywhere.

GEORGIA

So you say.

John and Amy come onto the deck. They take the table next to
them. For a moment, nobody speaks. Amy is wearing sunglasses.
She seems a million miles away. John lights a cigarette.

JOHN

So. Here we all are.

Nobody moves. Nobody speaks. Finally, Amy can't resist. She
starts to LAUGH. It's a weird, stoned laugh.

RYAN

Are you alright? Miss ...

Amy LAUGHS more. She leans towards him and points an unsteady
finger at him. Her speech is distant, slightly slurred.

AMY

So what did you do last night? Because
~. I had this weird dream. It was
soooo ... weird. I dreamt that I was ...

Ryan rises, FAST. He grabs John by the lapels and PROPELS HIM
towards the edge of the deck. He SMASHES him against the
railing and HEAVES him upwards.

John is left leaning FAR out over the water, all Ryan has to
do is let go. In Ryan's face pure anger.

RYAN

(whispering fierce)

What are you doing?

John laughs. There's something desperate in his expression.
Something that doesn't care.

JOHN

This is perfect. Perfect. Young
interloper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN (cont'd)

First he steals the man's wife. Then he tosses him overboard in front of a hundred people. Good God! You're brilliant, Mr. Everest.

It's true, there's about a hundred worried faces looking on. And behind them, Wide Guy and Deadpan have advanced, waiting for their chance.

RYAN

Call it off. Just call it all off.

John looks down at the water moving below him, the way it's sucked under the boat.

JOHN

Me? I'd love to. But I'm not the one running this show, Mr. Everest. You should know that.

From up the walkway, uniformed crewmen are running towards them. In the crowd, the two hit men have pushed to the front. Ryan realizes he's screwing himself. He pulls John back onto the deck as the crewmen arrive, grabbing Ryan. The killers step back a little, into the crowd.

JOHN (cont'd)

No! No! You've got it all wrong! I slipped. This young man came to my rescue. Please! You don't understand.

The confused guards release Ryan. At the back of the crowd. Wide Guy smiles.

ACROSS THE DECK

The two women sit, watching the events. Amy's stoned and Georgia's devil-may-care. It's an interesting meeting of moods.

GEORGIA

And they call us dramatic.

AMY

Sorry?

GEORGIA

How is it anyway? with John? He's got some ... tastes, I know.

Amy laughs again.

AMY

Yeah, well that doesn't bother me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA

He's a good man, really. Just driven
by ... I don't know what he's driven by.
Do you?

Amy takes down her sunglasses. She's got a bruise under one
eye. But she doesn't notice. Whatever she's on, it's got her
in happy mode.

GEORGIA (cont'd)

(startled by her appearance)

Oh ...

Amy leans in, pointedly.

AMY

Don't worry. You, should see the other
guy ...

ACROSS THE DECK

John pats Ryan on the back, making a fake show of
friendliness. Ryan straightens John's collar, making the same
show.

As he does, he glimpses a strong welt running high across
John's chest. Ryan pulls the shirt open more. Allover John's
chest, slashes and welts, worse than anything Amy has
sported. Ryan looks over, towards the women.

Sitting next to Georgia, Amy BLOWS HIM A KISS and winks. Ryan
can't believe it.

John pulls his shirt away from Ryan and buttons it.

JOHN

Don't look so shocked, Mr. Everest. We
all have our appetites.

John starts to walk back towards the women. Ryan follows.

ACROSS THE DECK

Amy puts her sunglasses back on and rises unsteadily to go.

AMY

I'm sorry, you know, about him ... It's
just business.

GEORGIA

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

You know ... everything. It's like ... church. And you have to pay. It's just, you know, business.

GEORGIA

So what would not be just business?

Amy looks up at Ryan approaching. Thinks about this.

AMY

I don't know.

She leaves as John and Ryan arrive at the table.

JOHN

Well, that was something, wasn't it, Georgia? Drama on the high seas.

GEORGIA

I was hoping he would drop you.

JOHN

Yes, I expect you were. But our man Mr. Everest's smarter than that, aren't you, Mr. Everest? Maybe rat poison in my soup, but he certainly ...

Georgia rises to leave.

JOHN (cont'd)

I'M NOT FINISHED!

GEORGIA

(quietly)

I know, but I am.

Georgia walks away. Ryan's eyes don't follow her. Instead, they are following THE TWO HIT MEN, who have pulled out of the crowd and are now following after Amy.

JOHN

Well, just you and me, Mr. Everest.

without replying, Ryan takes off after the hit men. John sits heavily at the table alone. Four waiters show up with four breakfast trays.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the hell, I'm starved.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDORS OF THE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Amy comes in from the blinding sun outside. She's wandering down the halls, brushing her outstretched hands against both walls. Smiling the sad stoned smile she's worn so far today.

She turns a corner on her way. Behind her, a door opens and Wide Guy enters the hallway, following.

IN THE CORRIDOR UP AHEAD

Amy continues her wandering. She sings to herself.

AMY
Nights in White Satin
Never reaching the end...

She turns another corner. Pauses for a second to try to remember which way she's going.

AMY (cont'd)
Now where's ... home?

BEHIND HER

wide Guy is pulling on gloves as he walks. He's a hands-on sort of killer.

Amy turns around and around in the corridor, totally lost.

AMY
That way is...

IN THE HALLWAY BEHIND HER

wide Guy accelerates, turns the corner as he raises his hand to...

There's no one there! He's standing where Amy was a second ago, but now there is only empty corridor.

INT. A MAINTENANCE CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan has Amy in his arms, one hand clamped across her mouth, the other restraining her. He listens as the footsteps outside continue away down the hall. Finally, he releases her. She can't help giggling.

AMY
(happy to see him)
Hey Baby!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN
Shut up. 2:t's the guys from Florence.
They're here.

AMY
(giggling)
Ooooooooo!

RYAN
John brought them. He's with them.

AMY
Hey, you protected me again!

RYAN
Are you listening to me?

He has tried to grab her but she PUSHES him away.

AMY
He didn't do shit. John's ... I got John
all under control. But I don't know about
you. I mean, up there on the ... deck.
That was something pretty freaky. I mean.
Grrrrr!

She makes a crazy bear-face at him. Ryan grabs her, HARD.

RYAN
What are YQY doing?

AMY
No, baby, what are YQY doing? Man like
him, with all his money. He's not looking
for love. He's looking for someone to
hurt. And to hurt him small price to
pay for all ... that money.

RYAN
He'll kill you.

She keeps laughing a little bit, even though his grip hurts.

AMY
Ow! You're hurting me! And that's not ...

WHAM! She pushes him away so hard he tumbles across the
closet.

AMY (cont'd)
That's not your job anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She steps through the door and is gone before Ryan can get to his feet. By the time he gets to the door and looks out, she's disappeared.

Ryan takes off down the corridor. He comes out among the ship's passengers, moving cautiously through the happy travelers, headed up towards Georgia's stateroom.

He turns a corner and finds himself staring straight into wide Guy's back! He drops down behind a cart just as wide Guy's gaze passes his way.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S SUITE -- DAY

Amy stumbles into her suite. Laughing to herself, Amy steps out of her dress and goes into the bathroom to pee.

She catches sight of herself in the mirror. She looks bad, she hadn't realized how bad. She runs her hands over her face. Takes a deep breath.

Slowly, in front of our eyes, the control seeps back in. A stronger Amy stares at herself. Then she lets a giggle escape.

AMY

John? Hey, you here? Oh Joooohneeee!? Amy wants to pla-ay!

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan is moving fast through the ship. He rounds another corner and now there's Deadpan, right across the lobby. And he's seen him! He starts towards Ryan, who doubles back again and runs smack into

CAROL DAY

Who's just left her cabin. She tries to smile when she sees him, but can't. She's been crying.

CAROL

Oh, God, excuse me. I'm -- oh, it's you.

For a second she lights up. Then she realizes what she looks like and it's too much to bear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROL (cont'd)
Oh, God, just pretend I don't exist! I
mean --

Ryan kisses her. Pushing her back into her room as he does. She is literally swept off her feet as the door closes behind them.

Seconds later, Deadpan arrives. No expression as he scans for Ryan.

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Ryan stops this long kiss. It has just shut down about 75% of her reasoning capacity. She sits in a chair. Sort of smiles.

CAROL
(to herself)
Wow ...

RYAN
Listen, whoever you think I am... I'm not
that guy.

Even as he talks, he's got his eye glued to the peephole in the door, his back to her. Carol looks down at the floor.

CAROL
I know ... I didn't have anyone in mind,
either. That's just how I...

She trails off, embarrassed. She suddenly stands and goes to get something.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Ryan watches as Deadpan passes by the door again, his hand on the gun inside his jacket. He pauses. Listening.

Carol clears her throat. Ryan looks over to see her holding up her autograph book. All the pages are blank, except the one Ryan signed.

CAROL (cont'd)
Of course nobody ever went ahead and
signed the thing before. Or kissed me ...
Why did you kiss me?

Something's very STRANGE here. He looks at her, then his gaze wanders to the far wall where a sheet covers something large. On a bulletin board over the sheet, dozens of photographs are tacked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches them, mystified.

CAROL (cont'd)
Don't be mad ...

On the bulletin board, the photographs come into view. They are all romantic pictures of Carol with Ryan. Impossible, but there they are. A fully photographically documented romance where there never was one.

RYAN
I don't understand ...

CAROL
Um ... You weren't supposed to see that ...

Ryan pulls the sheet free. Carol's got quite a computer set up in here, attached to an Iridium satellite phone. On the screen, she's working on another picture. She's got Ryan's head floating free over a picture of herself with one of the cabin crew.

Carol pulls one of the pictures down off the wall. In it, she and Ryan pose in front of a sunset. His arm is around her.

CAROL (cont'd)
Back at the office ... there's an email
group they all think we're ... you and
I are oh God, this is terrible.

RYAN
You can find information on this, can't
you?

Despite herself, Carol lights up. This is what she knows best.

CAROL
Um ...

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S SUITE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Amy lies on the bed, looking at the ceiling. Red light from the growing sunset streams into the room.

The door opens to the suite. A man's figure moves into the room. ~y doesn't even look over.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS (LATE AFTERNOON)

The computer is fired up and going. Carol is IN THE ZONE. They've been at it for a while. Getting to stare at the computer has made her bold. Her fingers fly over the keys as she babbles.

CAROL

I mean, it even started to make sense. I knew I wasn't going to actually meet anyone, even on this cruise. And after awhile, it was more fun making up stories about you.

Ryan plucks _photo off the board. In it, she and Ryan are sitting in front of a great feast in firelight.

RYAN

What's this?

CAROL

That was the Grecian Feast. You ate too much -- but I didn't mind.

Ryan laughs and plucks another one. It shows the two of them standing on the prow of the ship, looking into the sunset. From the computer, the sounds of a modem connection.

CAROL (cont'd)

That's where you proposed.

(suddenly shy)

It was very romantic.

Ryan tosses himself back onto the bed, laughing, not at her. There's something simple and sweet about this.

RYAN

I bet it was.

CAROL

You asked me to marry you in French.

(the computer beeps)

Okay, there's nothing in the normal search engines, but there's a thing I do.

RYAN

Take your time.

INT. AMY'S SUITE CONTINUOUS

Amy still stares at the ceiling. A man's gloved hand reaches to her throat and starts to strangle her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She just keeps staring at the ceiling. Tears forming in her eyes.

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Carol is furiously working at the computer. Ryan, lying on the bed, turns on the bedside radio. Perfectly, "Nights ~n White Satin" comes on. He leans back, remembering.

At the computer, Carol's face lights up.

CAROL

Wait a sec... here they come.

Ryan rolls forward to see what she has found.

INT. M1Y'S •SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Amy's P.O.V.

The ceiling above the bed. Amy is dying to the tune of "Knights in White Satin." Her vision starts to cloud. She closes her eyes.

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Carol are frozen, waiting for the screen to reveal what it will.

INT. AMY'S SUITE CONTINUOUS

The hand strangling Amy suddenly pulls away. John collapses on Amy's chest. He's crying. Amy draws in breath, puts a hand over his head, pulls him to her.

AMY

Shhhhhh. .. Shhhhhh ...

JOHN

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

M1Y

I know. I know you are.

John keeps crying. Amy looks out the window at the water stretching away. Slowly, she smiles. She's alive and she has won.

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

Information streams onto the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROL

Wow. He's really rich. This is the kind
of guy you just wonder, who oh wait,
look. Is that right?

Ryan looks at what she's found. It stops him short, it upends
his world. Whatever he's looking at, IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.
He laughs. It's a funeral laugh.

RYAN

Yeah. That's right.

He laughs even more, unable to believe what he's seeing.

CAROL

I don't understand. Do you know these
people?

Ryan looks at Carol differently, almost threatening.

RYAN

You never really know people, do you,
Carol?

She looks at him quizzically. He seems so sad.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS (SUNSET)

Amy unsteadily gets to her feet. The red sunset streams into
the room. John is laid out on the bed now. Not crying any
longer. Essentially comatose. Amy has won this contest of
wills. John has NOTHING left.

AMY

You'll leave her, then?

John nods. Amy picks up the cabin's phone and punches in a
number.

AMY (cont'd)

Marry me. All your money. All that?

John nods.

INT. RYAN AND AMY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

In the empty cabin, the phone rings.

EXT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE LINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Ryan races down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK IN AMY'S SUITE

Amy is still holding the phone to her ear.

MIY
Alright. I forgive you.

John closes his eyes.

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM - EVENING

Ryan comes bursting into the room. Out of breath. The room is washed in the last red sunlight.

RYAN
Georgia!

He runs into the bedroom. No one is there.

RYAN (cant'd)
Georgia!

He stares up at the painting of Georgia on the wall. It looks different. It seems almost to be smiling.

INT. AMY'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

John still lies on the bed, face-up, staring at the ceiling. Amy puts the phone down and looks in the mirror: Although the bruises are starting to show around Amy's neck, She's already getting her strength back.

AMY
Wait for me here, alright?

Amy turns towards the door.

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan rushes back out of the bedroom, still searching for Georgia.

RYAN
Georgia! Where are you!?

BAM! That's when Wide Guy's punch catches him across the jaw. Ryan goes down. Deadpan steps over him, holding his silenced automatic.

INT. AMY'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Amy opens the door. GEORGIA STANDS IN THE FRAME. Amy starts back, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

What are you ...?

GEORGIA

Hello, Amy.

Suddenly, Georgia's left hand comes up, holding the Silver pistol! She presses the barrel to Amy's forehead.

AMY

I don't

Georgia's other hand comes up. In it, a syringe. She JAMS THE SYRINGE INTO AMY'S NECK, pushing the plunger and forcing a liquid into her as she PUSHES her backwards with the gun barrel, into the room.

The door closes behind them.

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

The monitor screen in Carol's cabin. On it, a headline from an older international newswire: MULTI-MILLIONAIRE TAYLOR TO WED THREE-TIME WIDOW.

The text continues: "Today oil-tycoon and multi-billionaire John Taylor shocked friends and colleagues alike by announcing his engagement to three-time widow, Georgia Kelly. Kelly, who has never been indicted, has survived the passing of two previous wealthy husbands earning her the special attention of the FBI in this latest engagement ..."

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA AND GREGORY'S STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wide Guy HURLS Ryan across the room. He lands sprawled in a heap, then staggers to his feet. He's right next to the sideboard which has the Automatic in it.

He grabs the drawer, reaches in and... it'S empty!

wide Guy grabs him and throws him again. Ryan crashes over a table, lands in a pile of broken glass. All the while Deadpan has covered him with the gun. NOW, as Ryan struggles to his feet, he takes careful aim. Ryan closes his eyes.

WIDE GUY

Fermare! (Wait!)

wide Guy starts to roll up his sleeves as he approaches Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDE GUY (cont'd)
Voglio a ha del divertimento. (I want to
have some fun)

Deadpan shrugs. Puts the gun away. Ryan opens his eyes. He takes in the situation. The huge guy advancing on him, a sharp letter opener on a desk. Everything he needs.

wide Guy raises his fists, smiling. Feigning exhaustion again, Ryan raises his. He smiles. Then he starts to out and out laugh. He's so amused he can barely talk.

RYAN
Thank you. I gotta say, I really love the
way you guys always do this. I mean,
THANK You. Really.

wide Guy gets an angry puzzled look on his face. He moves ~n to do some serious damage.

SMASH TO:

INT. THE CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF AMY'S SUITE -- NIGHT

Just a door. Nothing else. Then the door opens. A hand, covered in blood, gropes for purchase and then, finding it, hauls the body it's attached to out the door.

Amy is covered in blood. Running across her face and splattered on her dress she's a vision of gore, although she has no wounds we can see. She weaves down the hallway. If she was stoned before, now she's out of her mind. In one hand, she holds the silver automatic.

She does her favorite thing: she runs her hand along the walls. This time they trail red lines behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DECK OUTSIDE THE TAYLOR'S STATEROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan emerges. He looks calm. He turns off the lights in the stateroom and slides the door closed behind him.

RYAN (V.O.)
It's hard to know people. I mean, I
always thought that there was safety ~n
doing what we did to people. Because at
least you could be sure who the bad guys
were.

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

Amy wanders through the ship.

Amy's P.O.V.: Whatever she's on, the corridors stretch out in front of her forever. The colors are too rich, the THROB of the ship's engines is deafening.

RYAN (V.O.)

You were always the bad guys. And you
could control just how bad it got.

She turns a corner, and suddenly she is surrounded by the ship's patrons. They back away from her in horror. Amy continues on.

AMY

(singing)

Because I love you .
000000 I love you .

RYAN (V.O.)

But like I said...

EXT. THE OUTSIDE WALKWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan walks calmly down this hall. There's a speck of blood on his cheek which he notices and wipes away.

Suddenly, armed seamen come BURSTING out of a restricted area, running into the corridors of the ship. Ryan follows.

We stay with the seamen. They weave through the different corridors, full-speed, following the bloody trails smeared on the walls until they come to THE DOOR TO AMY'S SUITE.

They BURST THROUGH THE DOOR.

WITH RYAN

Some ways back. NOW, the first signs of blood are showing on the walls. Up ahead, commotion. People speaking hurriedly into radios. The sound of low murmurs and a woman crying.

He reaches the door, looks in.

INSIDE AMY'S SUITE.

John is face-down on the bed. Three bullet holes in him and blood EVERYWHERE.

RYAN (V.O.)

...it's hard to know people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone pulls a sheet over his lifeless eyes, crammed against the pillow.

Georgia sits nearby, slightly turned away. The ship's officials question her gently. She cries silently. Nods yes or no to the questions. She sees Ryan in the doorway and stares at him. Somewhere through her tears, her eyes SPARKLE.

One by one, the group of people grows silent as they notice Ryan, standing in the doorway. The officials take a step towards Ryan and he is SPRINTING away. Behind him the shouts and footsteps of pursuit.

Ryan leaps down one stairwell, then another. He throws a waste-basket down one hallway, then ducks into an alcove in another.

His pursuers take the bait.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY AND RYAN'S CABIN -- NIGHT

Ryan silently opens the door to the cabin and lets himself in. He flicks on the light.

Amy is sitting on the bed, covered in blood and tears. She looks like a vision from hell.

AMY
Turn it off!

She smashes the light with the gun. Now they are only bathed in moonlight. A breeze and the low sound of the water below also fills the cabin.

AMY (cont'd)
Hey, baby ... I'm a little ...

Her head starts to loll to one side. She's S&O tired. Ryan moves forward and THE GUN RAISES, instantly. She's not that tired.

AMY (cont'd)
Stay away from me!

RYAN
Amy, listen to me ...

AMY
You ... and she ... You broke the one rule.
You left ... You broke the rule.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

We have to --

AMY

The rule is, you can do anything. You can do anything, but you have to come back.

RYAN

What happened, Amy? What --

Amy raises the gun, pulls back the hammer.

AMY

You left. I did what I had to do, for us.
But then, you let her ...

RYAN

I'm right here now. I'm right here.

Her eyes soften a little. She's trying to believe him, straining through the fear and the drugs to believe him. A breeze gusts in the window, shuffles some of the papers on the table. The International Herald Tribune which John left behind blows open, the front page now lying upwards.

We can only see the title bar. But Amy's eyes fall on the rest. Whatever she sees, takes all the wind out of her. She seems to COLLAPSE inside.

AMY

Oh ...

Ryan follows her gaze. Sees what she sees.

AMY (cont'd)

Oh, God, no.

Absolute HORROR fills her face.

RYAN

Amy ...

AMY

Stay away. Just stay away!

He advances on her, carefully, his arm outstretched. Suddenly, she STRIKES him with the gun. As he goes down, he catches her leg. She sprawls forward but is able to kick her way free. She reaches the door and bolts through it.

RYAN

Amy!

(CONTINUED)

He's up and after her.

INT. THE CORRIDORS OF THE LINER -- CONTINUOUS

Amy STREAKS through the corridors, running through a panic that has consumed her. Ryan follows. They BLOW THROUGH doors, SMASH by unsuspecting guests.

Amy bursts through an exterior door and finds herself on

EXT. THE LOWEST FORWARD DECK -- NIGHT

She runs forward, to the railing. Realizing there's nowhere left to go, she starts to double back. Ryan bursts through the door, cutting her off.

She raises the gun at him. His hands go up.

AMY
Stay away from me!

RYAN
Come on, baby. It's just me. It's just
~. Give me your hand.

Amy stops. There's no way past him. A tear runs down her cheek. She gets very still, and incredibly sad.

AMY
It was supposed to be... fun.

He makes a slight move towards her and she turns and JUMPS OVER THE RAILING.

He DIVES after her, catching her wrist as she goes over. Her weight almost pulls him after her but he SLAMS against the railing and holds on.

She dangles from his grip, the black water surging underneath her.

RYAN
Amy ...

Even dangling, there's a ferocity to the gaze she levels into his eyes. He begins to pull her up and suddenly her other hand swings upwards. She still has the gun. She points it straight between his eyes.

RYAN (cont'd)
Amy ... please ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A second, a decision. Her finger tightens on the trigger as Ryan throws his head to the side, the BLAST of the gun deafening, the bullet grazing his forehead.

RYAN (cont'd)

AMY!! !

She takes aim again. She won't miss this time.

He lets go.

He watches her body fall crying into the churning water at the side of the boat.

UNDER WATER

Amy hits the water, goes in like a knife. Absolute silence. For a moment, she can still see stars above her, through the clear water.

Then the GIANT hull of the boat passes overhead. It should be terrifying, but it's somehow peaceful watching it cruise over her like some enormous steel sky..

She watches it, raises her arms up as if they might stroke the underside of the boat. And then a sound, deep, throbbing.

Amy spins in the water, looks into the darkness behind her. The sound gets louder. Her eyes widen.

THE SHIP'S PROPS. Huge, spinning, come surging out of the darkness. Surging towards her. She opens her mouth to scream.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LOW FORWARD DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Ryan stares down into the dark water where Amy fell.

One by one, armed guards approach him, their weapons drawn. He doesn't move. Soon, he is surrounded.

FADE TO:

INT. THE SHIP'S BRIG -- NIGHT

Ryan lies on a bunk in this tiny room. A brig seldom used. There's still a paper band around the toilet. Ryan stares at the ceiling. The bullet graze still raw on his forehead.

F:ASHBACK -- GEORGIA, LYING NEXT TO HIM IN BED.

Her eyes open, just a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGIA
Remember this.

FADE TO:

INT. THE SHIP'S BRIG -- EARLY MORNING

A key in the lock. A marine swings the door open. The INVESTIGATOR stands in the doorway. This is the man that met John off the helicopter. In his face, hard intelligence and ... curiosity. On his chest, an INTERPOL badge. Ryan sits up from the small bed.

INVESTIGATOR
Mr. Everest?

FLASH FORWARD

The three of them are seated around the small table in the room. There's a tape recorder on. Ryan looks at him without speaking.

INVESTIGATOR
Did you know the victim?

Ryan doesn't move. He wants to somehow acknowledge Amy. He knows he can't.

RYAN
No. She was ...

INVESTIGATOR
I'm talking about Mr. Taylor.

Ryan stops. Then, very carefully.

RYAN
Yes ... I was in love with his wife.

The Marine makes a distasteful face. The Investigator is nonplussed.

INVESTIGATOR
Do you know why the young woman Mr. Taylor was seeing would want to kill him?

RYAN
No.

INVESTIGATOR
Alright. So ... last night.

Ryan looks up at the investigator, straight in the eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT. THE TAYLOR'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

The night before last. The night Georgia and Ryan spent together. Georgia is pouring a drink. She turns to him.

GEORGIA

John almost always drinks ~anqueray.

BACK IN THE BRIG

RYAN

I was with Georgia Taylor. We... had sex.
It was the band was just ending in the
ballroom .

Ryan is amazed to find how easy this is. The alibi has all been put in place for him.

RYAN (cont'd)

She was wearing a red gown. . . Vie had met earlier.

The Investigator has been comparing Ryan's statement to notes he has in front of him.

INVESTIGATOR

Did anything unusual happen that night?

Ryan looks at the investigator and laughs just a little.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

FLASH: On the dance floor, Amy lowering the straps of her dress.

FLASH: In Georgia's bed. Amy, .hovering above him while Georgia sleeps at his side.

BACK IN THE BRIG

Ryan takes a sip from the glass of water in front of him.

RYAN

Yes. Her husband had changed his drink.
It was ... unusual.

He laughs to himself. It's not mean or raucous. It's the unbelieving laughter of someone who realizes he's been taken for a ride. Like Samantha Ray's laughter at the start.

INVESTIGATOR

Would it surprise you that Mr. Taylor
contacted me several days ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INVESTIGATOR (cont'd)

He sent me two pictures. One of you, and of the girl. Sure you didn't know her? Several people saw you dancing together in Athens.

This sobers Ryan.

RYAN

John set that up. I think he was trying to make his wife jealous.

INVESTIGATOR

Did it work?

RYAN

No ... they didn't love each other anymore. It was ...

INVESTIGATOR

He left her everything.

Ryan STARES at the investigator. He's not laughing now.

SMASH TO:

FLASHBACK INT. THE BALLROOM OF THE LINER - AFTERNOON

John sits at one of the empty tables in the ballroom. He's not going anywhere, just looking out the window. A shadow falls over him and he looks up. Georgia's there.

INVESTIGATOR (V.O. cont'd)

A strange thing to do, yes? If they didn't love each other.

But this is a different Georgia than we've seen. This is a woman in charge of her husband's weakness, controlling everything.

GEORGIA

Do you know where she is?

JOHN

Couldn't we just ...

GEORGIA

You wanted it interesting, remember?

She'S like ICE. Defeated, John leaves, headed upwards towards his room. Georgia watches him go.

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

Ryan shakes his head. It's all falling into place.

(CONTINUED)

INVESTIGATOR

Your stories ... you and Mrs. Taylor.
Pretty much identical.

(brief pause)

I'd say you and the wife killed him. I
mean, it makes sense, right?

RYAN

Sure ... but --

INVESTIGATOR

-- But there's the girl. Everybody saw
her. The blood. The gun.

FLASHBACK -- AT THE ACROPOLIS - LATE AFTERNOON

Georgia and John watch Amy head towards the museum. John
turns to Georgia and tries to smile a friendly smile.

JOHN

You know, I don't really even LIKE her.

GEORGIA

But I like the two of you together.
What's the matter, John? Too old for a
little adventure?

JOHN

No, I just ...

They stare after Amy as she disappears into the museum. The
point we entered the scene before.

GEORGIA

...so?

BACK IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

The Investigator LEANS in. He's making a last plea.

INVESTIGATOR

You know, She's done this before. I
wouldn't want to be you, know what I
mean? So will you tell me ... anything?

Ryan meets the Investigator's eyes. It's clear the
Investigator has a personal stake in this.

RYAN

Everyone saw the girl. She had the gun ...

The investigator nods, then perfunctorily packs up his
recorder. He leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Marine escorts Ryan out of the room. The SHIP'S CAPTAIN and crew are there. It's clear they LOATHE Ryan.

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

It'd be better if you were gone. The two of you.

Ryan nods, and walks out into the dim morning light. Georgia is there, waiting for him. She wears black. The Investigator comes up behind them. He looks at Georgia with barely concealed loathing.

GEORGIA

Mr. Davies. We have to stop meeting like this.

INVESTIGATOR (MR. DAVIES)

I'll get you. Someday I'll get you.

GEORGIA

No. .. you won't.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIA AND JOHN'S STATEROOM - EARLY MORNING

Georgia and Ryan enter together. Ryan sits, carefully on the sofa. Georgia begins to make tea.

GEORGIA

You did well.

She pours him tea. He picks it up.

RYAN

You were always going to kill him. You just needed ...

GEORGIA

She was perfect, don't you think?

Ryan doesn't respond.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

(imitating Ryan)

"There was a girl. But she was unpredictable. One day she just ... caught fire.1/

Ryan stares at her. It seems like there's nothing she hasn't figured out. Georgia sits next to him.

RYAN

I would never have hurt her.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIA
(nonplussed)
Alright.

RYAN
>mat now?

GEORGIA
Well, that's sort of up to you, isn't it,
sport? I mean, I have to say, I really
liked the fucking. I'd be more than happy
to keep that up.

RYAN
You're not scared?

Georgia looks at him, pleased at the challenge.

GEORGIA
Of you, Mr. Everest? No ... I can't say
that I am.

Ryan's Voice-Over returns. It's wrapping up the story.

RYAN (V.O.)
Like I said, you never really know
people. I thought if you could just be
the bad guy, but not be too bad ...

Georgia comes over to Ryan and strokes his cheek.
Patronizing.

GEORGIA
You're a beautiful boy, and you like your
money and I even think you like the women
that come with it.

Georgia picks up her cup of tea. Grabs the paper. Curls into
the big chair across from Ryan.

RYAN (V.O.)
Then you could control it. Because you
were as bad as it gets ...

GEORGIA
I know what makes you tick, Mr. Everest.
I know you. So I'm not afraid of you.

She opens the paper, glances at the front page. Makes a
slightly disgusted face and opens it.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIA (cont'd)
But, like I said, I really did like the
fucking.

The front page shows the paper to be Tee International Herald
Tribune. The headline reads: HUNT CONTIXUES IN FLORENCE FOR
KILLER OF TWO AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Ryan's voice returns. But it's a VERY DIFFERENT voice.

RYAN (V.O.)
Uh-oh ..., oh shit.

It's a voice that has been hiding from ~s the whole time. A
voice capable of anything, a voice that has been taking us
for a ride.

There are two pictures below the caption. The girls from the
Ponte Vechio. The ones with the necklace.

RYAN (V.O. cont'd)
(laughing lightly)
Hey, you wanna see something cool?

Ryan looks at Georgia for a long time. Then he smiles, just a
touch.

SMASH TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. THE STREETS OF FLORENCE -- NIGHT

The two American girls laugh knowingly to each other,
wandering happy as Ryan steers them out of the crowd, towards
a more deserted alley.

The look on his face, ruthless.

BACK IN GEORGIA'S CABIN

Ryan sips his tea. Georgia watches, him, curious. What's he
thinking?

SMASH TO:

INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

From above. The computer still sits on the desktop. We slide
away, over to the bed, where Carol Day's body lies strangled
on the bed.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAROL DAY'S CABIN

The last time we saw Ryan and Carol together.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

You never really know people, do you,
Carol?

She looks at him quizzically, then with growing fear as he
stands and moves towards her.

RYAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry ...

Carol Day starts to scream.

BACK IN GEORGIA'S CABIN

Ryan puts the empty tea cup down. We track away from them,
cruising down by the floor until we come to

A CLOSET DOOR

Which is closed. But there's a little puddle of blood seeping
out from beneath it, pooling next to a hand with a heavy
ring. Dead Pan and wide Guy must be in here.

BACK WITH GEORGIA AND RYAN

Georgia puts down the paper. Looks at him curiously.

GEORGIA

Did you say something?

For the first time there's a slight hesitation -- something
she doesn't understand. A tiny taste of fear in her eyes.

RYAN (V.O.)

(fierce whisper)

Come on. What wouldn't you do? What
wouldn't you do?

GEORGIA

Ryan?

RYAN

No. Everything's fine.

BLACKNESS. SILENCE. And then the dark shape of the liner
passes away, over our heads. We're far under the water,
sinking.

END.